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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

OCTOBER 1972

Suicide, Why?
Robert Raikes . . . What You Started!
Youth Say 'Yes' to SA-YES

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My Neighbor?—TOGETHER's 16th Annual Photo Invitational [pages 29-36].



Time of Transition

—Marie Daerr

Nobody saw the summer go,
Yet on some days one was aware
Of yellow butterflies that swarmed
Upon the road as if to share
September sunlight. In the brook
Beech leaves rode ripples, spreading gold
Against the time when color must
Give way to white and ice-bound cold.
No one saw summer flee, except

One noticed that the dusk now walked
In purple veils, in velvet shoes.
One listened as the warblers talked
Of travel plans, in lilac boughs
Whose leaves hung dull, and looked as though
They too would soon depart... No one
Was sure, yet each felt something go...
And each heart sensed the quiet spell
That reigned—and said his own farewell.



Silhouetted against the sunset, weary men and their beasts came home from the fields after a hard day of work near Jhansi, India. The photograph is by Llayd Jones of Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada, who formerly was principal of a United Methodist-related school at Binotang, Sarawak. This is one of eight transparencies submitted by Mr. Jones for our 16th annual *Photo Invitational*, an *Brotherhood* [see pages 29-36]. These included pictures taken in Malaysia, Turkey, and New Zealand as well as India and Sarawak. With true brotherhood "we can do so much for people in underdeveloped countries," says Mr. Jones who tells us he has more than 50,000 slides to illustrate lectures before various groups.

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Is Dale Caris proud of his musicians' performance? His expression leaves no doubt. He thinks they're great!

Iowa's Mr. Music Man

THE DIRECTOR uses no baton. His opening down-beat is for the drums to set the tempo, and he joins them on his trumpet to play the tune through one time. Then, on a whistle-blown cue from the bass drummer, the other 80 musicians lustily pick up the melody. Another concert by the Music Makers Brass Band of Sioux City, Iowa, is under way.

If the style of direction seems unorthodox, it's because the band, too, is unusual. All 80 of its brass instrumentalists are students in special-education classes at Sioux City public schools. Most are educable (IQs of 50 to 79); some are trainable (IQs below 50). All are learning new skills—and a sense of pride in their accomplishments—

because of the brass band and its director, Dale W. Caris.

Now 64 and only one year away from retirement, Dale has been in the Sioux City schools' music program for more than 25 years. His work with the special-education children began in 1962 more or less by chance. After 15 highly successful years of teaching instrumental music and directing the East High School band, Dale's health forced him to curtail his activities. One day, he heard a group of special-education students singing. If they could sing with such exuberance, he wondered, why couldn't they also learn to play instruments?

He tested his theory with a few individuals playing trumpets and was encouraged both by their musical efforts and by their eagerness to learn. "I can still recall the thrilled expressions on their faces," he says.



These musicians enjoying what they're doing? Much doubt about that either. The young trumpeter's concentration, and the pretty accordionist's close attention to the director tell much of the story of why Music Makers Brass Band is such a success.



Eventually the group grew to 15 and presented its first concert at a school assembly. Since then it has grown steadily, and today in Sioux City (population 85,000) parents, school officials, and townspeople alike take pride in the Music Makers' achievements.

They have performed not only in Sioux City but in communities around the Hawkeye State including appearances before six state conventions of various sorts. Last October they made their first out-of-state swing to Minneapolis, performing on opening night at the annual meeting of the National Association of Retarded Children. The trip was made in two large chartered buses and was financed entirely by voluntary contributions.

Director Caris talks enthusiastically about the community's support of the band. "We couldn't have made it without them," he says. "The school district budget would not allow for total financing of this kind of special program, but the people took us to their hearts."

When the program first began, Dale picked up instruments wherever he could find them—from friends, music dealers, and other bands. Now the district has about 100 instruments for the students' use, and some own their own. Federal funds have helped to purchase the larger, more expensive instruments, but individuals and groups continue to help the band in many ways.

A big boost to the young musicians' pride came last fall when they were given a complete set of spiffy red and white uniforms by the Fenton, Iowa, high school when it bought new outfits for its own bandmen.

Wearing the uniforms for the first time, the Music Makers played before a capacity audience at the Woodrow Wilson Junior High auditorium. As the concert began, Director Caris, a United Methodist, led the audience and performers in silent prayer. (He and his wife Ethel have been members of Sioux City's Grace Church since 1945.)

Then there was a pause and a quick conference between the director and his assistant, Dale Kuhns. Everyone loved it when Director Caris blurted, "If you think the band members get excited . . . I had forgotten what our first number was going to be."

With Mr. Kuhns at the bass drum and another teacher on piano, Dale Caris led into the opening number on the trumpet "to give the band confidence." Then they were off on a variety of selections: *Home on the Range*, *Faith of Our Fathers*, *Kumbaya*, *Long, Long Ago*, and *When the Saints Go Marching In*. A tiny nine-year-old gave a solo cornet rendition of *Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head*, and a chorus of the band's girl members chimed in with three numbers. Forty-five minutes later the concert ended to loud applause, handshakes, and smiles all around.

Surprisingly, concerts like this one are the only occasions when the entire 80-member band plays together. Full rehearsals are not possible. The basic learning comes in small-group sessions in each of the eight schools where special-education classes are held. About 130 children, ages 9 to 18, participate in the program from which the 80 most advanced pupils are chosen for Music Makers performances.

"There are very few dropouts," Mr. Caris points out. "This is the only outside activity for virtually all of these



children. By being a part of a real brass band with a good quality of sound, they are the envy of those who formerly might have looked on them as incapable of ever accomplishing anything so worthwhile."

Lee M. Knolle, head of music education for the entire school district, says the Music Makers Band also helps parents accept their children's conditions. At first some parents were reluctant to let their youngsters participate, fearing they might fail. "Now," says Mr. Knolle with a chuckle, "our biggest problem with parents is convincing them the program will be continued."

There are limits, of course, to what the Music Makers can do. "They probably won't be able to compete with fast-stepping high school bands nor play at high-grade levels," says Dale, "but they will have the satisfaction of knowing they can play an instrument." Contrary to popular belief, he adds, his pupils have an unlimited attention span when doing something they love. "Sometimes," he says, "people call them 'retarded' or 'unlearned.' Of course neither word is correct."

Dale starts each student on trumpet because it is a popular instrument, relatively inexpensive, light in weight, and its three-valve fingering is easily learned. He marks all music with the correct fingering for each note, and learning to read the notes themselves is not stressed until the child has mastered tone and fingering and can play a melody by heart.

"If a child can learn the trumpet," he says, "he can advance to valve trombone, to the various horns, and to the drum, bells, and even to the accordion."

The Music Makers' success story has spread far beyond Sioux City and the Hawkeye State. Dale's expertise and advice have been sought by bandmen in other cities interested in forming similar groups, and he has made trips to Alaska and Wisconsin to tell what his program can mean to slow learners.

Two years ago the Sioux City Rotary Club named him its "Man of the Year," and more recently he was honored by his alma mater, Iowa Wesleyan University, with an honorary doctor of music degree. To many Iowans



Wearing their new uniforms for the first time, the Music Makers end their concert with the audience joining in the national anthem. Below, a happy bandsman tries on a fancy plumed hat.



and Midwesterners, he has become "Mr. Music Man."

Such honors, though, can't hold a candle to the recognition Dale Caris receives when he enters one of his own classrooms. Fingering his trumpet with contagious enthusiasm, he will say, "Let's go over it again," or "Take it a little slower this time." And when he leaves the school at recess hour, he is trailed by a bevy of youngsters, some band members and some future hopefuls, offering to carry his horn case, all wanting to talk.

Smiling, Dale motions toward some nonband students looking on with envy. "Before we started the band, the band kids didn't get much respect from other students in their schools. They sure do now!" □

Is your Minister's Wife expected to be an "Assistant Pastor"?

In some ways, the challenges that confront her are even more demanding than those that face her husband. For she's often "on call" during virtually all of her working hours and often into the night. In addition, her responsibilities as a mother and homemaker are especially pressing because her husband has less time to spend at home than most fathers.

In an age when more and more attention is being directed toward liberating women from traditionally confining roles, it seems particularly appropriate to consider ways in which ministers' wives can be

freed from obligations that are often unnecessary and frequently frustrating.

One way to approach the problem is to alter our expectations of the minister's wife and to think twice before making demands on her. Don't expect her to attend all the social functions and business events of the church. Don't just assume that she'll teach Sunday school, sing in the choir, and lead women's groups.

The greatest contribution a minister's wife can make is to be just that—a wife, a mother, a homemaker. Then she becomes a real power behind the pulpit, supporting her husband with strength, concern and affection. Or, if you really expect her to be an "assistant pastor", don't forget to pay her.

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request.



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Society of St. Stephen:

Servants to the Needy

IN JUNE, 1969, District Judge Woodrow Seals, as chairman of the Texas Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns, announced a threefold plan to support United Methodism's quadrennial goal of reconciliation.

One part of the plan was the Society of St. Stephen, something he had organized successfully in his local church. Today Society of St. Stephen groups are found in at least 20 Texas Conference churches and outside the conference in Corpus Christi, Texas; Tulsa, Okla.; Naperville, Ill.; and a Baptist church in Houston.

Judge Seals' idea was to organize concerned laymen into groups to help one needy family at a time. He chose St. Stephen as the project's namesake because of the martyr's special commission as servant to the needy as recorded in the sixth chapter of Acts. Although society members are recruited through the local church, its goals are set and funds raised by the laymen involved.

In April, 1970, a Society of St. Stephen was organized in our church, Fair Haven United Methodist in Houston, to meet church members' needs for personalized mission opportunities. What happened in our church is fairly typical of how the judge's idea continues to work.

Judge Seals himself put us in contact with a black family who really needed help. Mrs. Elsie Jackson, plagued by a heart condition which was not helped any by improper diet and a contaminated water supply, was trying single-handedly to raise her four children—7, 9, 11, and 14 years old.

Our ministry to the family began with immediate needs, such as clothes for the children. There were so many things needed that "half of the battle was defining the problem," as one society member said. Wooden window sashes on the Jackson home were too rotted from years of termite damage to be repaired permanently. It was hard to work on the defective plumbing because it was not properly anchored. The house was so drafty in winter that no amount of clothing could keep the family warm. What the family really needed was a new home, but how could 25 lay people raise that kind of money?

The society was forced to a decision when winter rains began. The roof leaked so badly that the Jacksons had to move out. They were temporarily placed in an

apartment while our group swung into action. Some society members and Youth Fellowship volunteers tore the old house down. Other group members, meanwhile, were fighting the red-tape battle. They found that by paying off Mrs. Jackson's back taxes on her property (she owned the home and the lot) it could be used as collateral on a loan for a new home. They also found her welfare payments could be expanded to buy a new home—but not to pay for repairs on an old one. The water-purification problem was solved when the city of Houston annexed Mrs. Jackson's neighborhood.

Other St. Stephen members found a fine, relocated home which had been refinished. It was transported to the lot and the water and sewer lines were hooked up. By the time our members helped the Jacksons move into their new home, a loan (including tax and insurance payments which Mrs. Jackson could manage) was all set up. Elsie Jackson now has some reason to hope that things will go better for her in the future.

Currently our Society of St. Stephen has two projects. We are attempting to get a medical clinic for a small, mostly black community—Carverdale—which is a few miles from our church. It is about 20 miles from the county hospital, and lack of public transportation has worked a real hardship on residents of this community. So far we have not gotten any cooperation from the county hospital district so we are working to get help from local doctors. The clinic could be located in Carverdale's United Methodist Church.

We also are aiding a Mexican-American family in Carverdale. Society members have helped the male head of the larger, extended family (about 50 members) to bridge the language gap and cut the red tape involved in receiving the social-security benefits to which his physical disability entitles him. We have helped his family with food stamps, finding jobs, and moving into better housing. This project has made society members sensitive to the underrated plight of Mexican-Americans.

Financial outlays for these two projects have been small: some food collections, a few medical expenses when we felt a patient could not make it through the long waiting periods at the county hospital, and an occasional bill that we paid to keep utility companies from discontinuing services to the Carverdale family. Our society members have reached several conclusions.

Something can be done for the hopelessness of the world if people get out of their apathy and involve themselves personally. Ministering to *one family at a time* is not so staggering that it demoralizes the concerned.

The Society of St. Stephen must be only loosely connected to the church. A group of 25 people who are unencumbered by church policies and committees can have 25 simultaneous ministries, according to their individual talents and abilities.

Pooling vocational and technical know-how can overcome the inertia of "city hall," lending institutions, and house-movers.

There is no substitute for actual, personal involvement in Christian ministry. Many church members, because of the society, feel for the first time that they have done something for the least of these my brethren. They find their own lives changed as much as the lives of those they help, and the society seems to bring everyone closer to Christ.

—Bill Armstrong

Robert Raikes .



Dr. Peterson, a member of the ministerial staff at Christ United Methodist Church, Dayton, Ohio, served 11 years as executive editor of children's publications in the General Board of Education.

IN 1780 an Englishman named Robert Raikes recruited a dozen ragged children from the slums of Gloucester and hired a housewife to teach them reading, writing, and Scriptures.

The classes were held in the teacher's own kitchen, in Gloucester's Sooty Alley, and they were held on Sunday because that was the only day the children could come. They worked 12 hours a day, six days a week in Gloucester factories.

And so Sunday school began. For Raikes it was an experiment. For years he had advocated prison reform, writing fiery editorials in the *Gloucester Journal*, a newspaper he owned. Finally, he decided he should spend less time trying, unsuccessfully, to rehabilitate criminals and more time trying to prevent young rowdies from becoming criminals. He insisted that all his students keep clean, reasonably neat, and go to church both before and after class sessions.

In one respect, at least, the experiment was a success. The children responded hungrily to teaching. Raikes soon employed another teacher, and another, until there were five "kitchen classrooms" in Gloucester. Raikes reported on them to John Wesley five years later.

"Perhaps God may have a deeper end thereto than men are aware of," wrote Wesley in his *Journal*, adding: "Who knows but what some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?"

Wesley commended the establishment of weekly class meetings and Sunday schools to each Methodist society for the instruction and nurture of the young in the faith. Along the way, the class meeting and the Sunday school became one for Methodists.

John Wesley's eyes would pop if he could view the statistical charts that were spread before the delegates at the 1972 General Conference of

What You Started!

By EDWARD C. PETERSON

The United Methodist Church. What a sprawling institution has sprung up from a humble beginning! The effort of one man to meet the need of a few English children has been transformed into a worldwide, interdenominational institutional giant. Most congregations have organized at least one school, and computers are needed to keep count of students, teachers, buildings, and budgets.

Christian-education buildings have been raised at the cost of millions, paid for by the contributions of loyal Christians impressed by the need for education. Denominations have invested in printing plants and specialized staffs to translate intricate program-curriculum plans into colorful printed materials and bright sight and sound resources for the use of an army of volunteer teachers. Seminaries have graduated hundreds of educational specialists, and many larger congregations have employed them in their educational programs.

The very size and complexity of Christian education makes it increasingly difficult for volunteers alone to maintain it. The skills needed to keep church schools going effectively have become so diverse, in fact, that volunteers seem increasingly reluctant to be recruited. Along with the budding of the crocus and the return of the robin, the frantic rush of church education committees to recruit leaders and teachers for the fall church-school term is a sure sign of spring.

For quadrennium after quadrennium, delegates to Methodist General Conferences received glowing reports of the church schools' health. Similar tabulations were made in the former Evangelical United Brethren Church. Statistical graphs continued to show increased enrollment, increased average attendance, enlarging staffs, new educational budgets, and more educational specialists available to help with maintenance, administration, and the training of volunteer faculties.

By 1961 the combined church-

school enrollment of the former Methodist and EUB churches reached an all-time high of 6,934,876. In 1964 their combined church membership peaked at 11,054,634. By 1969 church-school enrollment for the two churches, now The United Methodist Church, had dropped almost 20 percent and total membership had dropped almost 4.5 percent.

In 1972 the United Methodist General Conference reaffirmed that "a new day requires new duties" and approved a sweeping major restructuring of boards and agencies of the general church. But no one believed for a minute that such tampering with national administrative units would do anything about the falling graph lines by 1976.

The truth was that the move to restructure might even accelerate the statistical bad news. National staffs which should be devoting themselves to meeting the crisis of church education now would have to devote hours to negotiating new roles and alliances for themselves.

The reason for the crisis has been argued in one annual-conference session after another this spring. There have been emotional attacks on curriculum resources from irate conservatives and complaints from others that the materials are too hard to use, most of them persons who have never used them or even tried to. There have come impassioned pleas to reinstate mass evangelism of the unchurched in the kind of revivals which worked to swell church rolls in former times.

Prophets who were suspicious of educational processes generally were quick to lay the whole blame on decreased circulation of United Methodist church-school curriculum resources. Actually, the reasons for church-school decline are complex, and inextricably enmeshed with the American scene. All denominational church publishers are in financial difficulty—along with most secular publishers of educational materials.

The United Methodist General

Board of Education rushed a research project on the base of curriculum support, using a scientific sampling to "test the market." A copy of the report of this research, *A Study of the Church School in The United Methodist Church*, was on the desk of each delegate to the General Conference in Atlanta. It cited replies and percentages to show that United Methodist curriculum resources were, in fact, generally highly regarded and depended upon by the church. Dropouts from church school, said the report, related more to lack of friendliness or fellowship in classes, untrained or uninspiring volunteer teachers, and lack of a plan for teacher recruitment and training in local congregations.

There is a definite correlation between using approved denominational teaching resources and the education of pastors. The utilization of approved resources increases in churches with seminary-graduated pastors and decreases where lay pastors serve circuits.

Some church officials have urged more pleading to church members to raise their commitment to the church school. Yet all preachments and rousements have failed.

Statistics for United Methodist church schools actually share the trend which prevails across all Protestantism. All church schools are in an unprecedented period of challenge. Professional educators are uncertain about the state of their institutions too. Traditional teaching patterns are being challenged unrelentingly by students and their parents. Church-school and public-school curriculum plans have been subject to harsh review. Revision, experimentation and innovation have appeared increasingly to meet new tests of relevance and interest.

New efforts at personalizing school relationships and programs are recommended. The once stolid Roman Catholic parochial-school system, even what once appeared to be the unchanging Roman church itself, are



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in upheaval. Jewish schools are troubled with dropouts and attendance problems. Secular and religious educators alike are regrouping their forces. All this change is part of a larger social context.

United Methodists, of course, have always loved success stories, and now that we are confronted by a decline, we hardly know how to act. In fact, we tend to be so traumatized by the figures that we forget the multimillion constituency still involved in our teaching and learning. In 50,000 church schools in every American hamlet and city there is still an army of students who remain active, expectant, and in need of attention—as are the prodigals who have left the ranks.

But Robert Raikes got a lot more than the Sunday school underway. His example contributed importantly to the Christian community, and American Christians made a big concerted pitch for free universal public education. They kept on until other segments of the public joined them, and a public school did blossom in every American neighborhood.

Now the success of the whole free school idea is part of the church schools' embarrassment for church education often suffers by comparison. Raikes' constituency was naïve, uncritical, neglected, untraveled, uninformed, unlettered, totally dependent, and grateful. Today's church-school student is highly traveled, much informed (sometimes beyond his teachers in specific areas), well read, thoughtful, independent (having been encouraged to decision making at an early age), and often with spending money and his own transportation with which to do his own thing. Television and other media have taken him around the globe. So he is choosy and critical, too.

Ideas that once were kept from the young in highly guarded secrecy are pressed upon them. Every possible value and idea is available now to all our students, and today's teacher—professional or volunteer—must deal with this whole range of notions and human experiences. Giving simple answers to questions no one asks is not the answer.

The education available in American public schools and colleges, for

all the problems, has never been better. Some classes and some schools are really exciting places to be, jumping with activity and jiving with involvement. The rest are on notice that the students themselves no longer are willing to be bored. Innovation is bursting out all over, and teachers are obligated to help students learn according to their abilities and needs.

Unfortunately, just when competent teachers were increasingly required for church schools' survival, the church fathers goofed, and a major blunder in our general church



strategy occurred. In 1960 most Methodist annual conferences had full-time conference education directors, including children's specialists, youth directors, and adult-education directors. Their primary responsibility was servicing church schools and training volunteer teachers. By 1970 most of these staffs had been eliminated or their job assignments had been changed drastically. At the moment in history when increased competence in teacher leadership was most crucial, the church, for all practical purposes, was going out of the teacher-training business.

By 1964 a small army of volunteers had become semiprofessional church teachers, thanks to the extensive training and accrediting scheme that was then in force. By 1972, however, this disciplined army of teachers is falling into disarray as a result of retirements, pregnancies, changes of residence, less training, and fewer recruits. There appears to be no general plan for systematic restoration.

In 1968 the church was ready with an updated curriculum plan and new resources. It had useful educational buildings and equipment of great utility. But it had no denominational



plan for the systematic training of teachers or for coping with new competition.

The matter of competition is crucial. We are living in the first truly mobile age. Few families stay put very long. If a church does not busy itself ringing the doorbells of newcomers to replace members who have moved away, membership lists drop sharply and fast. The competition for a newcomer's attention is fierce. The long weekend, the cottage, the boat, the trailer, and more family trips also take their toll of attendance.

Familiarity and friendship in the church school still remain appealing qualities of church life. They are needed now perhaps more than ever. The church can serve as a loving community in helping today's mobile family get over the feeling of not belonging and the loss of identity that may come with a move to a new town. In fact, church schools that work at friendliness and are systematic about recruiting members from new residents often prevail even when their educational standards are not especially high. As mobility continues to increase in American society, fellowship and friendship will become more important than ever.

How well the church will serve its constituency rests on its ability to serve people's real need to belong, to know, and to serve. New forms, new times, new ways of organizing for teaching/learning tasks are called for. Our church schools are going to be much smaller in the future, especially if they do not get better; but cable television, cassettes, and a new storehouse of communications miracles are in the wings to help if the church makes up its mind that the real task is education, not simply the preservation of an old institution. Hopefully, the attendance-numbers game will be replaced soon by the quality questions: "How well?" and "Why?" and "With what results?"

Our departed brothers have put us on notice that yesterday's "good enough" is not good enough for today. Across the years the church has been resourceful. Her teaching has altered with the needs of the times in which she has served. From the universities she founded to the struggle for public schools, from the preservation of knowledge in the monasteries to sharing it in Wesley's Sunday schools, from the itinerate preacher/teacher to the new challenge of relevance for today, from the publishing of books and films to broadcasting, and on and on, the church is firmly in the education business.

The danger is not that it won't find new ways to teach. It always has, and it must. The danger is that the alarm sounding to the present education crisis will prompt us to react as we have in the past. And that would be useless! ☐

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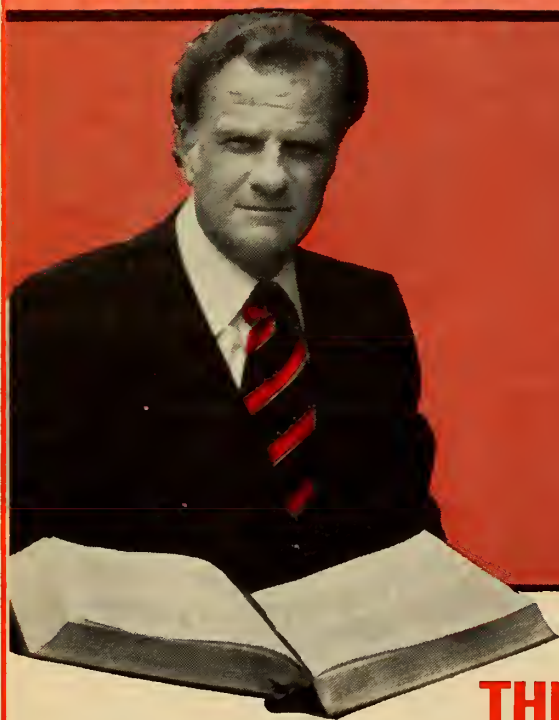
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On Church-Related Campuses —A Lot More Than Three Rs

When the new crop of freshmen descends upon the campuses of United Methodist-related colleges and universities this fall, it will find a lot more being taught than the proverbial "three Rs."

Many of the 100 schools are among those that, in the past few years, have spiced up their academic fare considerably.

In some instances students will not even have to attend class—as in a course called Western Religion and Speech Communication at Wesley College in Dover, Del. Students there will be given a series of "self-instructional modules" which they will study for mastery. Grades will be determined by the number of modules completed per semester.

Wesley also is offering a three-hour evening class, tuition free, to parents of full-time students (on the premise that students may become more efficient learners if parents are involved in education).

The school of pharmacy at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif., claims what is believed to be the only undergraduate program in the United States which offers instruction in electropharmacology. Included in the courses is use of electronic devices in screening and evaluating new drugs.

High Point (N.C.) College students will branch out into the community this fall with an Early Childhood Education Demonstration Center for local children aged two to five. Chief goal for the center will be to provide quality education for the youngsters and experience for the teacher trainees.

Another opportunity to move into community involvement was taken by Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington. There, members of the McLean County sheriff's department and the city of Bloomington police department are participating in a federally supported grant program called L.E.E.P. (Law Enforcement Educational Program). In L.E.E.P. courses officers attend class with full-time college students, an arrangement which reportedly has resulted in better understanding between the groups.

Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas, will provide high-school students with the opportunity either to enter college after their junior year of high school or take college courses for possible credit while "exploring their own academic potential." Increasingly popular across the country, this kind of program is aimed at high academic achievers.

Students at Millsaps College in Jackson, Miss., can even legitimately play games in a course titled Marketplace, USA (its name describes a medium size, urban manufacturing community somewhere in America). An educational stimulation game, Marketplace provides teacher and students with a common set of experiences dealing with the economic system.

Along with changes in curriculum styles many schools like Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, are revamping the academic calendar year. Beginning this fall SMU will offer a three-year baccalaureate program, believed to be the first of its kind in the Southwest.

Though not as a direct result, students are sure to find higher tuition costs along with the varied subject offerings and new major fields of study. To help combat ever-rising tuition costs, United Methodism's Board of Education awards more than 500 scholarships during the academic year which cover up to \$500 each in fees and tuition. The board also lends more than \$1 million annually in low-interest, long-term college loans.

In addition each of the related colleges and universities has its own scholarship, loan, and work-study programs to help lighten the financial burden on students and their families.

The 100 schools will soon launch a campaign to raise \$400 million. Representatives from the schools are meeting September 29 in Chicago to review plans for the emphasis. Although the colleges have one common goal, it is understood that each of them will devise its own programming for raising funds.

—Patricia Afzal



While sharing chaplaincy duties to the American and British community in Moscow, United Methodists Earle and Debbie Sanford visited the Church of the Twelve Apostles and other ornate structures inside the Kremlin walls. During their 27-month stay in the Soviet capital the Sanfords increased their congregation's membership, established a widely used counseling program, and converted their small apartment once a month into a coffeehouse for overseas students attending Moscow University. The fourth clergyman to serve in this little-known chaplaincy, Mr. Sanford was recently appointed to Darien (Conn.) United Methodist Church.

NEW BOARDS SCHEDULE ORGANIZING MEETINGS

Between early September and early October at least four of United Methodism's new boards will be organized.

The Board of Global Ministries scheduled its organizational meeting September 7-11 in New York. Two meetings are scheduled October 3-4 in Nashville, Tenn.—Board of Discipleship and Board of Higher Education and Ministry.

The Board of Church and Society will be organized October 3-6 in Washington, D.C.

Organizational meetings for other general church agencies are expected before January 1, 1973.

The reorganizations mean merging staffs in most instances and consolidating headquarters in some cases.

One agency merging into the new Board of Discipleship, the Board of Evangelism, named a new general secretary effective only two months before reorganization. He is the Rev. Ira Gallaway. Former superintendent of the Fort Worth (Texas) East District, he recently concluded a four-year term as president of the United Methodist Council of Evangelism, an auxiliary of the evangelism board.



The high cost of medical care is no longer prohibitive to Ada Mercado, five, and her family, thanks to efforts of United Methodism's Inner City Parish and six other churches in Reading, Pa. Representing six denominations, the churches making up the Southwest Christian Ministry of Reading established a neighborhood health center for low-income families, providing a "visible witness to Christ's healing ministry." The center is manned by a small contingent of volunteer nurses and physicians such as Dr. Fred B. Nugent.

A Letter of Appreciation

Does the church nursery play an important part in the religious education of children?

Members of High Street United Methodist Church in Muncie, Ind., think it does.

Recently the church gave special recognition to Charles and Ethel Siebert, volunteers in the church nursery each Sunday morning for the past 14 years.

At morning worship services the church's senior pastor, Dr. S. Walton Cole, read this letter to the congregation written by a young mother of High Street Church:

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Siebert,

"When I first brought my infant son with me to church I admit that I was apprehensive about leaving him in the Lullaby Room. I suppose most mothers must feel this way when leaving their babies for the first time, especially a firstborn. Little did I know that the friendly arms which received my child that day had already had more experience in holding babies than I and could relay a feeling of security to him just in the way he was held.

"As I came to know you through

our brief Sunday-morning contacts, I came to realize how fortunate I was to have you caring for my child. You were one of his first associations with the outside world. Church to him meant an hour spent with 'Aunt Ethel and Uncle Charley'—an hour of loving attention.

"By the time he 'graduated' from the Lullaby Room, he had come to associate the church with love—his first learning experience in the church school.

"I want to thank you for all the diapers changed and bottles given, for coming at eight o'clock every Sunday morning to wash the toys and air the room, for mending the chairs and tables; but most of all I am grateful for your love.

"My child did not learn to speak your name, but I doubt that he will ever forget your smiling eyes and being bounced on 'Uncle Charley's' knee. And when he hears the words 'God is love' in later years the words will not seem strange because he has learned from you that they are true.

Sincerely,

A High Street Mother"

CHURCH'S ANNIVERSARY GIFT GOING TO COLLEGE

The goal is \$50,000, and the occasion is the church's 200th anniversary. But the money is to be spent elsewhere than at the church.

The church is Monumental United Methodist Church of Portsmouth, Va., oldest in Virginia in continuous service, dating to 1772.

This historic congregation is aiding one of the newest United Methodist-related higher-education institutions, Virginia Wesleyan College, by pledging to raise at least \$50,000 toward the \$100,000 cost of a new chapel at the college.

The church and the campus are not particularly near neighbors. They are some 12 miles apart.

Connections between the two are many, however. The late official board chairman at Monumental Church, O. B. Wooldridge, served on the college board of trustees from its chartering in 1961 until his death in 1971. Recently another Monumental Church layman, James P. Stephenson, was elected to the college board.

There is a connection in the official families, too. The late Rev. H. P. Clarke, father of the Virginia Wesleyan president, Dr. Lambuth M. Clarke, pastored Monumental Church in 1925-33.

In its early stages Monumental's pledging program for the college chapel easily topped \$25,000. An anonymous donor from Virginia United Methodism but outside the Monumental congregation pledged to give up to half (\$25,000) of the balance between Monumental's gifts and the costs of the chapel.

Monumental Church has about 1,100 members in a downtown congregation. Virginia Wesleyan's full-time enrollment is just above 600, with projections of 1,200.

CENTURY CLUB

Three women join our Together Century Club this month.

Mrs. Prudie J. Eastin, 100, Napa Calif.

Mrs. Augusta Heim, 100, New Ulm, Minn.

Mrs. Charles S. (Mabel) Wiltzie, 100, Franklin, Ind.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth and name and address of nominee's church.

FROM WAR TO WOMEN, ANNUAL CONFERENCES ACT

Interest in the Indochina war shown by United Methodism's annual conferences a year ago shifted noticeably this year to include other issues of both national and world-wide concern.

At spring and summer meetings the denomination's 79 annual conferences endorsed diverse programming which ranged from marriage counseling to environmental stewardship.

Although showing an expected support for traditional church-sponsored programs (including the upcoming ecumenical-evangelical emphasis, *Key 73*), the several conferences reflected a growing awareness among United Methodists of the roles their denomination and the institutionalized church play in secular affairs.

Included in the conferences' programming were:

- Support for women's liberation movement in the Detroit Conference through a conference commission on the status and role of women.

- Drive for environmental stewardship in the Western North Carolina Conference which urged individuals not to use the family car one day a week.

- Resolution in Central Illinois Conference opposing discrimination against student and resident nurses in church-related hospitals because of reluctance or refusal to participate in any termination of life.

- Assertion by the Troy (New York-Vermont) Conference of the right of every person to die in dignity without effort to prolong terminal illness through technology.

- Endorsement of New York State abortion law by the New York Conference and a call for similar legislation for Connecticut.

- Encouragement to local churches in the New York Conference to become involved in cable television, with suggested guidelines for preparing franchises.

- Call for the establishment of at least one pregnancy counseling service in each district of the Eastern Pennsylvania Conference. That conference also urged local churches to endorse tax-supported low-income housing.

- Creation by the North Carolina Conference of a committee to study needs for marriage and family counseling among ministers as a means of "stemming the flow of men away from the ministry."



Whether taking a walk in the park, playing games, or just talking, each week's visit brings new adventures and friendship for 22 foster children and their special "big sisters" from United Methodist-related Randolph Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, Va. The Campus YWCA-sponsored foster child project was initiated in 1971 in cooperation with the Lynchburg Welfare Department and will be expanded next year. Emphasizing a one-to-one relationship, the program provides experiences otherwise unavailable to children placed in temporary foster homes. For the 22 students who devote two or three hours each week comes a better understanding of the welfare program, perhaps redirection of careers, and a realization that "even when time and energy are limited we must take time to care for others."

- Objections by the Troy Conference to exposure of pornographic material through billboards, television, motion pictures, and other commercial exploitation of sex for sale of products.

- Call by the North Indiana Conference for local church members to search bylaws and rules of organizations to which they belong for discriminatory restrictions and to remove those restrictions.

Several conferences voiced opposition to legalized gambling and statewide lotteries.

The Bishops' Call for Peace and the Self-Development of Peoples received strong support, although opposition to General Conference's resolution on Viet Nam was seen in at least three annual conferences. (The General Conference statement condemned the "immorality" of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam and asked the President to pull all U.S. forces out no later than December 1972.) Among the annual conferences there was some support for

amnesty on a conditional basis for those who for moral reasons refuse to participate in the war.

Indicating a growing interest throughout the church in "opening up" episcopal elections, several annual conferences voiced endorsements for specific candidates, many of whom went on to election.

A dour postscript to the optimistic news from many conferences came from the South Dakota Conference. Shadowed by the Rapid City flood, members at that conference session collected an emergency offering of \$1,700, and many left to assist in the flood area.

Although annual-conference sessions in the eastern states were not interrupted, many members there were soon faced with cleanup work after Hurricane Agnes flooded those areas.

At least five conferences scheduled special sessions for this fall to discuss such subjects as budget, restructure, *Key 73* programming, and merger.

Mandate of Stewardship for a Fragile Earth

"Fragile: handle with care" was the message radiating from the recent United Nations Conference on the Human Environment where, for the first time, mankind took a comprehensive look at its environment—and shuddered.

The Stockholm, Sweden, conference drew government delegations from 120 nations (many Eastern European nations led by the Soviets were absent), as well as observers from churches including several United Methodists, environmental groups, and other organizations. Sharing their worldwide concern over vanishing lands, overcrowded cities, disappearing wildlife, and pollution of water, air, and land, they realized that the earth's resources are not unlimited.

But working together proved difficult for government delegations when industrial or national interests were threatened. Thus Japan opposed a moratorium on whaling, the United States discouraged discussion of weapons testing and "ecocide" in Viet Nam, and France prevented a vote on the SST (supersonic transport) ban and kept its Concorde in the skies.

The gap between the haves and have-nots was also obvious. While industrial nations, the world's largest polluters, called for uniform standards, undeveloped countries cried for more industry, not for conservation.

Despite the fears and debates, by the end of the two-week session several concrete steps were taken, many influenced by churchmen and ecologists. Nongovernmental participants, meeting separately in Stockholm in the UN-sponsored Environmental Forum, had kept a wary eye on official delegations and had challenged them to deal with what the observers defined as basic human issues—overpopulation, ecocide, and social justice—all missing from the official agenda.

One of the most influential organizations was the Religious Task Force on Global Environment. The group of 30 U.S. Protestants was organized in 1970 by a United Methodist, the Rev. Gary Herbertson, an environmental activist for more than ten years. Task force members met with delegates, attended conference and forum sessions, and generally tried to express their religious attitudes and values on the issues and to maintain open dialogue between the diverse interests involved in the discussions.

Enthusiastic about the conference outcome, Mr. Herbertson, 33-year-old pastor of Laguna Beach Church in California, pointed to several important results. The greatest thing, he said, was that it actually took place, that nations looked at the earth as their common home. In addition, more than 100 nations took environmental surveys for the first time, he said, and found that the "fragile eco-system of the planet is in greater danger than we thought." Another major accomplishment, according to Mr. Herbertson, was the realization that ecology and justice are related. "There is a twin goal of concern for the natural creation and for the justice, liberation, and self-determination of persons," he emphasized, "and this is where the church can play its greatest role."

Conference recommendations include:

- An earth-watch system to monitor atmospheric, marine, terrestrial, and human-health environment to determine where changes are needed.
- Global regulations restricting ocean dumping to be completed by the end of this year.
- A ten-year moratorium on commercial whaling.

- Increased family-planning emphasis.
- Prevention of trade barriers against developing nations.
- Creation of a UN environmental agency.

These and other recommendations will be voted upon at the United Nations' General Assembly in October. At that same time nongovernmental representatives including the California pastor will hold followup meetings to serve as a supportive force and ensure the strongest environmental legislation by the United Nations.

The young pastor-environmentalist sees the church as an institution which can truly examine man and the environment without self-interest and political and economic bias. Besides being the largest nongovernmental organization and having an international base, he added, the church has a greater budget than the UN, a large volunteer supply, excellent communication system, and each week has before it persons dealing with values and issues.

But the local level is where this involvement begins, as he sees it. And his own 250-member church and its local community are, indeed, examples of what environmentally aware persons can accomplish.

Laguna Beach, located on the ocean 45 miles south of Los Angeles, has a coastline with hills, mountains, caves, former Indian residences, and tide pools containing unique marine life forms. Each year whales make their migratory patterns offshore, and migrating birds from the north stop off at a nearby estuary. But the estuary is threatened by development of a large industry; a nuclear energy plant lurks only a few miles away; open land is eyed by developers, and the Laguna Beach population of 15,000 easily swells to 100,000 on weekends with the influx of tourists.

For a long time citizens have been involved in a "tremendously important environmental battle to save this unique area," explained Mr. Herbertson. And the Laguna Beach Church has been in the thick of the battle, serving as a meeting site for hundreds of people studying local issues and, more recently, examining the implications of the Stockholm conference. The church also holds weekend seminars on the religious implications of the survival of man and his environment. Local citizens have been successful in preserving their lands, limiting building height in town to 36 feet, and most recently developing a master environmental plan for the county. Now waiting for county board action, the plan raises a key issue: carrying capacity. What can the area carry in terms of population, autos, industry, and tourists and maintain a high quality of life? One reason they've been successful, said the pastor, is because many Laguna Beach citizens moved from Los Angeles where life was unlivable.

"The people in this church are exceptional because we've hammered away at this for years," said Mr. Herbertson, but around the world he has seen the involvement of church people grow at an incredible rate. "The old concepts of creation and stewardship are modern-day mandates for personal involvement in this area," he said.

Indeed he sees a need for an environmental reevaluation "because survival depends on it. The earth is finite. It is a spaceship which has limits. We can no longer think of the earth as a huge, unbreakable system—it is extremely fragile and must be handled with care."

—Lynda Compo

The minister and his wife had trusted God for their needs. Now, with the harsh northern winter closing in, there was little food left.

Not by Bread Alone

By Lucile Hemenger

THIS IS A STORY of long, long ago. It happened just this way.

On a winy October morning, the breezes carried only a hint of the hard winter soon to come to the tiny town with chilling winds and snow piled high, hiding neighbor from neighbor. Winter is a bitter thing in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, particularly where the land comes down to the waters of Lake Huron.

Adam Butterworth, Methodist minister, and his wife, Johanna, were sitting in the parsonage kitchen contemplating their situation. Gloom sat with them in the little white house which stood cozily beside the white church where Adam delivered his weekly testimonial to God. Why the gloom? Well, the parish was small and poor. It had been a hard year for everyone in town. Jobs were few, and paid little when they were to be had. No money could be found to pay the minister. Crops from the northern soil, never very good, had been unusually scanty this year. A man was hard pressed to feed his own family, much less provide extra for the minister.

Adam, who labored patiently in God's vineyard, had had no time to raise food himself. He had trusted to God to see to his needs, and to Johanna's. To make matters worse, the local storekeeper, Charlie Wood, had extended credit to what he maintained was his limit; there was no flour in the house, and the last supply ship of the season was about to leave for the south.

Winter loomed cheerlessly ahead. How would they

manage to keep body and soul together? Adam thought of the breadless Sundays ahead; the sermons to be preached, his soul struggling to maintain itself, but lacking bodily sustenance.

He looked over at Johanna, sitting so quietly, but quietly worrying, he knew. She was sensitive to his moods, almost knew what he was thinking before he himself did. Poor Johanna! With her failing sight she had become accustomed to the familiar little house, moving about easily, doing what made her happiest—looking after his needs.

It was because of her that Adam had arranged to stay in this out-of-the-way spot. There had been offers of better parishes—many of them—which had tempted him, but only momentarily. The demands upon Johanna as a minister's wife were not great here. The people knew and understood her and asked very little of her. In a larger parish she might feel the pressure of demands which she would be physically unable to meet and would, therefore, be unhappy.

So stay here they must. Adam had made up his mind on that score, and once he had set his feet upon a certain course, there was no turning back for him.

"Well," he said at last, rising wearily, "this will get us nowhere. I'll just go downtown and look around. Maybe Charlie Wood will help us out for a while longer."

This would require some pride-swallowing on Adam's part, he knew. He and Charlie did not see eye to eye on



a lot of things. Charlie was a practical man with little sympathy for any man who did not earn his living with his hands and the sweat of his brow. He said this frequently, adding that a man who did not get his hands dirty wasn't much of a man.

Charlie had amassed a considerable fortune, at least by the standards of the poor little northern community, because, as he so often said, he had not been afraid to get his hands dirty. He had the best house, owned the fastest horse, was proprietor of the general store, and gave only grudgingly to the support of the church. As storekeeper and supplier of many of life's necessities, his power in the community was formidable.

Adam, who had hoped always to be able to love all men, had difficulty loving Charlie Wood. He had tried, had even prayed about it, but the right feeling of charity just did not seem to come. He even found himself going out of his way to avoid meeting him so that he would not have to listen while Charlie boasted about being a "self-made" man. None of that book learning nonsense for him; just look at what he had been able to do without it, he would say, smiling in smug satisfaction as his eyes moved along his well-stocked shelves.

Sometimes Adam had the feeling that Charlie belabored the point too vehemently. Could it be that he was covering up for what he secretly looked upon as a shortcoming in his life, or was he simply trying to convince Adam that his choice of a calling in life had not paid off so well as Charlie's?

In any case, Adam knew, Charlie would be glad that the preacher had been forced to come to him for help. Wouldn't this prove beyond a doubt what he had been saying all along? Adam felt reasonably sure that help would be forthcoming, but as a prelude to the giving there would be the usual lecture about honest toil and all the rest. The thought of it made Adam cringe. He steeled himself for the disagreeable encounter as he put on his hat and coat and picked up a small basket.

At the door he turned to Johanna, and trying hard to put into his voice a certainty he was not at all sure he felt, he told her, "You stay here, Johanna, and pray. The Lord hasn't deserted us yet, and there's no reason to suppose that he won't help us out this time."

He opened the door and stepped out into the golden October day. As he closed the door the gloom of the house lifted from his spirit. How could it be otherwise? The lake cavorted and sparkled in the sunlight, and the wind created a merry ballet of leaves all about him. He breathed deeply and turned toward the stores. But suddenly he felt drawn to the wharf where the little steamer was preparing to cast off, not to return until spring.

"I'll just walk over that way for a few minutes," he said to himself. "Charlie can wait. I'd like to watch the boat go out this last time." The insistent breeze seemed almost to blow him toward the lake, his feet hurrying to keep up.

At dockside all was hustle and bustle. Supplies were piled everywhere, waiting to be claimed. Barrels of flour, crackers, pickles; boxes and bales and tins. Among this rich welter scurried Ezra Fuller, Charlie Woods's right-hand man. Since Ezra was also the dockmaster, he was trying to be two men at once, and thoroughly enjoying the double role. To Adam he looked for all the world like a little squirrel totting up its winter stores.

Full of self-importance and devotion to duty, Ezra nodded curtly at Adam, too busy consulting the sheaf of papers in his hand for a more leisurely exchange.

Adam found himself looking with longing at the piles of supplies, and rebuked himself for envying the good fortune of Charlie Wood, for whose store most of them were destined, there to be dispensed as Charlie saw fit. They would doubtless go largely to those who "worked with their hands," and were therefore better risks for an astute storekeeper like Charlie.

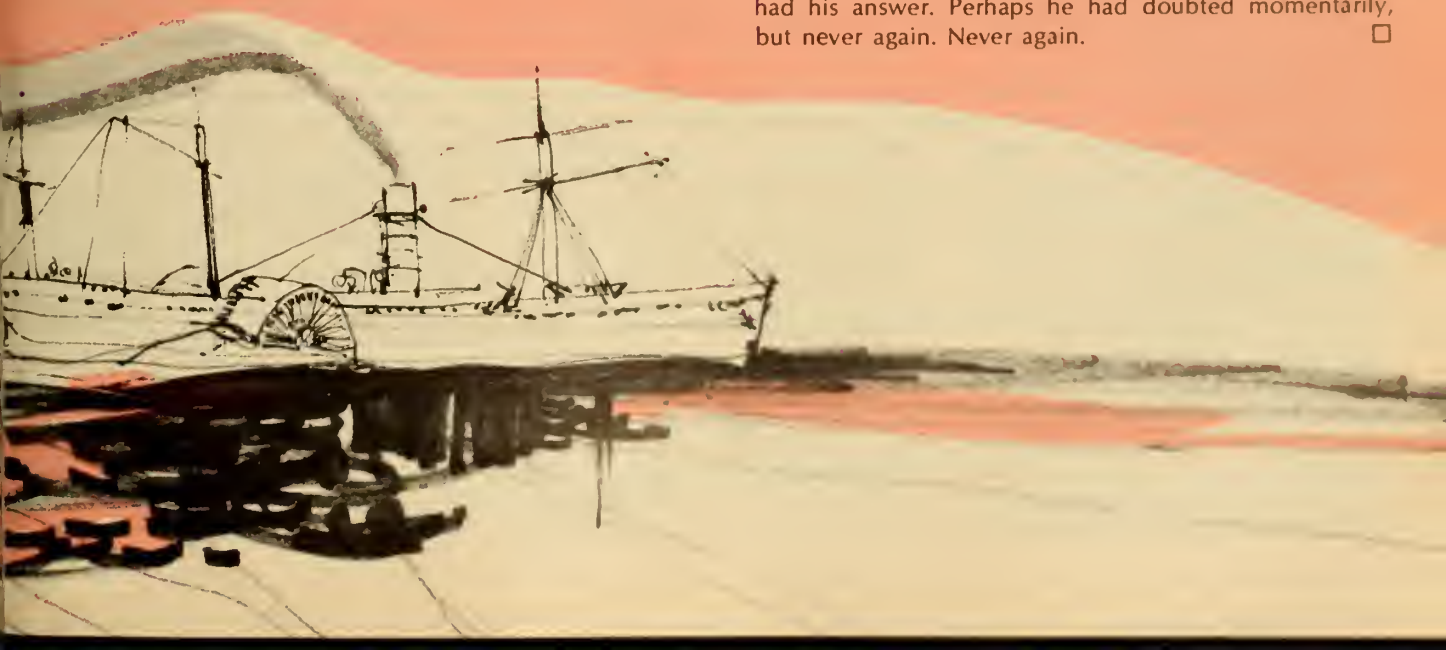
All transactions finally completed, the ship's lines were cast off and it began to move slowly away from shore amid shouted commands by its burly captain. Suddenly Ezra, who had been studying his lists, ran excitedly to the edge of the wharf and called shrilly across the water to the captain, cupping his mouth in both hands:

"You'll have to come back! You've left one barrel of flour too many. Wood won't pay for an extra one, you know. Come back, I say!"

As the distance widened between ship and shore, Adam heard the captain's voice, still booming, but faint:

"I ain't got the time to come back. Give it to your Methodist preacher. There's always one of them in these God-forsaken towns."

Borne high and clear on the October breeze Adam had his answer. Perhaps he had doubted momentarily, but never again. Never again. □



Call For a New Missionary Age

By Alan Walker

Superintendent, Central Methodist Mission
Sydney, Australia

THE TIME has come for Christians to launch a new missionary age. If Jesus Christ is not the one name for all people, for all seasons, for every land, the claims of Christianity are a fake and a fraud. The world and the church cry out for a new missionary era.

What has gone wrong with Christians? Great sections of the Christian church suffer from a paralyzing failure of nerve. The need of the world for the Christian faith remains. God is the same, the Christian gospel is the same, man's need is the same.

Mission depends on the reality of God. There is something to spread to others if we have a vivid God-experience to communicate to others. Where there is joy, peace, power—the fruits of the Spirit—there is the contagion which missionary endeavor everywhere requires.

The motive for mission lies in the distinctiveness of the gospel and the uniqueness of Jesus. Unless Jesus Christ is the universal Savior and Lord there is no reason for mission.

The motive for a new missionary age must include a passion for social redemption. To offer the kingdom of God to a world threatened by pollution, economic conflict, and atomic war is strong reason for a new missionary era.

The message of the world mission of Jesus is all important. To know what to say, to learn how with persuasiveness to say it, is the supreme issue. What shall it profit a church if it perfect its techniques and have nothing to say? Jesus said: "Go and announce the kingdom of God."

The first and greatest announcement in mission is that God is, and that he is like Jesus. God is personal. God knows my name. He shares my life. Jesus died for me! Here is the impossible, incredible, unbelievable, authentic Word to announce. For me! God cares for you and me.

The message to be proclaimed is of the rule of God over human society, the call for the establishment of a world society of justice, equality, freedom, peace.

Mankind is grappling with three great issues: poverty, racism, war. The church today must take a large place in the struggle to overthrow poverty, to end racial injustice, and to establish peace.

The message to be proclaimed today is Jesus.

The Jesus style of life is a life lived in the freedom of the Spirit. Jesus lived life to the full. Jesus gives inner freedom. The Jesus style is a life of purity as an expression of the positive holiness of God. In Jesus is the call to live for others. Far from endorsing the plea to be able to do our "own thing" it holds aloft the ideal of doing God's "thing" for others' sake. To point to the God-experience, to show how it can be found and kept, and to demonstrate how it issues in daily living and the search for social and world justice is the message of the Christian.

The Christian gospel and the Christian church are inextricably bound up together. The church is part of the fact of Jesus Christ. For good or ill, as humanity sees it, the church is the message.

Modern worship is somber, sad, up-tight, dull. How

shall a new spirit of release be introduced? Less formal, more casual dressing at worship is needed. A much more folksy, warmer mood must flow out from the pulpit to the people. The pace of worship is important. Fast-rhythm hymns, sometimes accompanied by clapping, should be part of the repertoire of every church. Nor is the organ God's only instrument.

I plead for the bringing into worship of a forgotten note of joy, and wonder, and release. Society is a somber, crushing weight to many people. There is need for a place where the pressures can fall away, where a sense of relaxation comes. Worship can be that liberating experience.

Today is the time for preaching. Christians cannot contract out of the arena of contention. The day of preaching is not done. Preaching, proclamation, placarding before men the mighty acts of God are as central to the spread of the gospel as ever.

If the church is the message, it must be a caring, accepting, all-inclusive, universal fellowship. In a lonely, harsh, impersonal world, by its very nature the church must say: God cares for you.

The church that only worships dies. Worship it must, but the end, the consequence of worship must always be the beginning of service. Unless the Christian church has a towel and basin of service in its hands as well as the bread and wine of Holy Communion, it has rejected the Last Supper command of Jesus, to act in remembrance of him.

If the church itself is to be the message, it must go far beyond being a service institution, it must become a prophetic church. To social service must be added social action, from alleviating suffering it must move to grapple with the cause of human bondage and misery.

The Christian church faces a moment of unparalleled opportunity to release basic forces of renewal in world society. The Christian faith possesses the great concepts which could provide the material out of which a new age could come. With eyes fixed not on the 20th but the 21st century, the church must become prophetic.

The heaviest indictment which can be leveled against the church today is that in too many places and in too many ways it is turned in upon itself. Sadly it must be said, large sections of today's church do seem to exist not for the world, but for themselves.

In this stifling, suffocating atmosphere God has acted. In the astonishing 'Jesus Revolution' among youth, the Risen Christ has appeared far outside conventional church life. In the Pentecostal movement in South America, Christ is by-passing the ancient church and going direct to the people. In the totally unexpected and unpredictable forces of renewal which go on flowing from the Second Vatican Council, Christ has again emerged from the tomb in which his followers placed him. Christ is out in the world, beyond that which is in being, calling his followers to join him there. We are witnessing right now if we had but the eyes to see, the modern Resurrection of Jesus Christ. □

Born in Northern Ireland, schooled in the Irish Republic, and now an American, this author knows firsthand the deep-seated differences which divide a troubled land.

Northern Ireland— A Harvest of Prejudice

By MICHAEL P. HAMILTON
Canon, Washington Episcopal Cathedral

AS I LOOK back on my early life in Northern Ireland, I wonder how we managed to live in that prejudiced atmosphere without recognizing it.

A biblical way of describing Protestants in the north of Ireland would be to say that "God had hardened their hearts." True, I came to recognize some of the unfair practices which we inflicted upon the Roman Catholic minority, but, in some mysterious way, they seemed to be justified by considerations of political survival.

I remember once asking my uncle, a leader of the Orangemen, an order devoted to the preservation of partition in Ireland, if the Catholics in Belfast were not being treated unfairly by Protestant employers. I was thinking of advertisements for job openings, many of which ended with the qualification "Protestants Only." Uncle Billy replied briskly, "They don't have to come here—they can go back to Dublin any time they like."

It was true that many emigrated from parts of Eire to Belfast and other northern industrial centers because they preferred to take their chances with prejudice in the North rather than to be bogged down in poverty in the South. But having taken advantage of their labor, the North did not give them their fair share of social rewards. Discrimina-

tion in housing, employment, and political gerrymandering were the ways Protestants maintained their supremacy.

Distinctions between Roman Catholic and Protestant were as much a part of our national inheritance as was the rain that fell with impartiality and regularity upon all citizens of Ireland. But while the volume of the rain varied from day to day (we called it "soft" or "hard"), the prejudice was unrelenting and affected all corners of our existence. It was the way we learned to think!

Prejudice came to Catholics and Protestants at the dawn of our lives, with our mother's milk, so to speak. My nanny was a Catholic and I dimly remember her as a shy and lonely person. One afternoon, I was told, she whisked me off in my pram to the local chapel where I was baptized by a Roman Catholic priest. Out of the narrowness of her religious beliefs she wished to save me from the fires of hell that otherwise, she had been taught, would engulf me and all others who were not members of the Catholic Church. My parents viewed such baptism not only as unnecessary and undesirable but perhaps even slightly contaminating. However, they appreciated Nanny's good-hearted intentions, and she remained in our house.

These social attitudes changed little over the years of my youth, and when I was a law student of 17, I remember reading a newspaper report about the use of some town hall by a small Catholic society. The next day a local government official demanded that the room be fumigated before the city council met there again!

This Protestant rudeness, of course, was returned in full measure. Catholics were just as clever as we were at writing vindictive slogans on the street walls. I can still recall my fear when, as a boy, I had to ride a bicycle through Catholic neighborhoods and was exposed to shouts of derision and invitations to combat: "Hey, wee fellow, want to fight?"

Born in Belfast in 1927, I was raised in the Church of Ireland, which is the Irish equivalent to the Episcopal Church in the United States. At the age of 13 I went south to a boys boarding school outside Dublin and spent the next four highly impressionable years of my life there. This double residence gave me new perspectives and a division of loyalty between the two cultures and communities which I had come to know and love.

The Northern Protestants were unusually hard working and had a strong sense of personal responsibility and integrity. In the South, the Catholics and Protestants were not in conflict with each other because the Protestants represented only a non-threatening 5 percent of the population. Hence, a reasonably well integrated society had been achieved. The Southerners, I realized, were a people with a Latin flavor, with a love of the arts and an ability to enjoy life and each other whatever happened. The Southerners referred to the six counties as "The Black North," and Northerners thought the citizens of Eire were shiftless. I tried, with little success, to explain the virtues of each to the other.

At 14, I became curious about denominational differences so I bicycled down to Dublin and attended

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Amid the tensions of Protestant-Catholic conflict in Northern Ireland, British soldiers manning a barricade in Londonderry take time for a tea break, the refreshments served by a local merchant.

Roman Catholic masses. The richness of their style of worship, their use of color, music, and incense all affected me deeply and enlarged my vision of God and the nature of the church. I was fascinated by the mixture of informality and devoutness of their congregations, so different from the strict attentiveness to which I was accustomed. One Sunday a woman in the pew next to me knelt very low in what appeared to be deep prayer. I learned a lot about human nature in the next few moments because as soon as the collection plate passed over her head, she rose from her knees and sat comfortably for the rest of the service.

During World War II, living in Dublin offered a measure of relief from the tension of war, but it also increased the political schizophrenia which I shared with other boys from the North. I remember well a day toward dusk when bonfires were lit on the mountain behind St. Columba's School. They blazed high and at about midnight the school was awakened by the roar of German planes flying low overhead. The planes took a bearing on the bon-

fires, and then headed up to bomb the North. More than a thousand people died in one of those night raids on Belfast, and each time the bonfires were lit, I waited the next day or two with a feeling of dread for news of my parents and friends.

It was a long time before I was able to reach a reasonably objective understanding of my own childhood and of the dynamics of political life in the north of Ireland. Certainly I didn't get it from the history books I was exposed to. The English texts practically ignored Irish history, and the Irish ones ignored Europe!

There are at least four events in Irish history which one needs to know before he can understand the present political situation and the horrible violence which has been taking place in the north of Ireland.

First, to speak like a typical Irishman, I have to say the English started it all! From the year 1150 on, the English invaded Ireland and their incursions and influence are resented to this day. While they never exercised total control, they were sufficiently strong to displace the natives and, at frequent intervals, to give

conquered land over to colonizers. They remained in control of the Dublin area for centuries and that district was called the Pale. If an Englishman "went beyond the Pale," he traveled in fear of his life.

Secondly, when the Reformation swept England in the 16th century, the Irish resisted it partly because Roman Catholicism had taken deep roots, partly because they wanted to preserve their national identity, and also because in their allegiance to the papacy there was hope for political alliances with Spain. This choice was significant because every subsequent political and economic conflict carried religious overtones.

Thirdly, following a particularly vicious campaign by Oliver Cromwell in the 17th century in which over 600,000 Irish were killed, a large settlement of Scottish and English colonizers was established in the northeast section of Ireland. This "plantation" was sufficiently large for a distinct cultural and religious community to be established, and it is maintained to this day by the Ulster Protestants.

Fourthly, after endless unsuccess-

ful military and political attempts by Irishmen to gain independence, in 1920 the English granted it to the 26 southern counties of Ireland, now called the Republic of Ireland (Eire in Gaelic). The Protestants of the North, fearful of rule by a Dublin government, demanded the right of continued union with England. A geographical partition was drawn up and the northern six counties, two-thirds Protestant and one-third Catholic, were henceforth declared British and given self-government in domestic affairs exercised through a parliament at Stormont. Foreign affairs and taxation remained subject to the British government.

Since 1920, the Irishmen in the south have never given up the hope of a united Ireland, a map of uniform green. That dream would fulfill their centuries-old desire that the rule by invaders of their land be abolished and that all Ireland be free. For the Northerners another hope prevailed. Having lived in the Province of Ulster for more than 300 years, they claimed the right to political self-determination.

This claim is a difficult issue to evaluate. Do 300 years of residence and distinct cultural identity establish such a right? Before one dismisses it, Americans should not forget that we arrogate to ourselves this right over the native Indians of our land whom we began to displace approximately 300 years ago. The northern Protestants, having built up an industrial economy, enjoy a relatively high standard of living as well as being recipients of the English welfare system and its free medical care. For them a united Ireland would mean coming under an almost theocratic state, and losing very real economic benefits.

After the 1920 partition, however, the Protestants in the north of Ireland made a major error in political judgment and, because of it, they in effect forfeited their right of self-government. For instead of giving the Catholics equal opportunities for employment, housing, and political representation so that they, too, would have an investment in the status quo, the Protestants out of fear chose to discriminate against the Catholics in all these areas.

Worried that the larger families of the Catholics and migration from Dublin eventually would result in

their being outvoted, fearful again that if that did not happen, armed revolution might effect what the ballot box couldn't, they chose to discriminate against the Catholics.

In the light of these events, it's really rather surprising that the Catholic civil-rights movement took as long to emerge as it did. Partly inspired by the civil-rights movement in the United States, it eventually surfaced in 1967. Again, not unlike the way the white establishment resisted the efforts of blacks in America, the Protestants did not move quickly enough to effect the changes necessary to satisfy the Catholics amongst them. Thus, what was originally a movement for civil rights was transformed into a movement for the political unification of Ireland, and the Irish Republican Army (I.R.A.) emerged as the leading force for its achievement.

In 1970, with the support of Catholics in the north and much of the Eire citizenry, and with money from Americans, the I.R.A. began a campaign of ruthless bombing of civilians and property. Ironically the suffering caused by their actions further antagonized the very people with whom they wish to unite politically. They also came into conflict with the British soldiers who had been brought in to maintain order.

In the terrible violence that has occurred during the past two years, we see the harvest of centuries of injustices, fears, and hatred.

When all the rights, legalities, misunderstandings, and ambitions have been weighed, there can be but two possible futures for Ireland. Either the partition between North and South will stand and the six northern counties will remain within the United Kingdom, or the partition will be removed and all Ireland will be united under a Dublin government.

I do not advocate one solution over another for in my mind both have merit and either could occur. However, there are conditions to be met if either is to succeed.

If the partition remains, then the Protestants will have to give up all special privileges and incorporate the Catholics as full and equal citizens. It should be noted that the Protestant leaders have, at long last, agreed to such changes and indeed had legislated most of them before the Stormont parliament was abolished in

British Prime Minister Edward Heath's take-over of the Northern Ireland government early this year.

If, on the other hand, there is to be a united Ireland, reforms must be made in the government of Eire to insure a peaceful assimilation of the Protestants in the north. Legislative changes should be required to permit citizens to divorce and to use contraceptives. Children attending government schools should be freed from the obligation to learn and be taught in Gaelic, and the 19th-century standards of literary censorship should be removed.

Finally, strong influence which the Roman Catholic hierarchy has exerted over affairs of state in Ireland should be relaxed. It should be noted that Prime Minister John Lynch of Eire has spoken of these matters affirmatively, and William Cardinal Conway, Catholic primate of Ireland, has also expressed his desire for changes.

If nothing else has resulted from the agony of the last few years, at least there has been a clarification of issues. Everyone now knows what needs to be done, and that surely at least opens the way to eventual peace.

Finally, there has been a growing degree of cooperation between the churches and their leaders. There are many ecumenical groups working for reconciliation, for relief of victims of riot, for Catholic/Protestant integrated housing developments, and for summer camps for children. A statement was issued recently by Catholic, Church of Ireland, Presbyterian, and Methodist leaders asking everyone to stand back from violence, and to pray for those changes in attitude necessary for reconciliation and justice.

On St. Patrick's Day this year, we held a service at the Washington Cathedral in which Protestants and Catholics participated, prayed for peace in Ireland, and raised money for ecumenical groups working for reconciliation in Ireland. On the same day Dean Francis B. Sayre and I were invited to St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Washington, D.C., to attend their special mass that morning. I found myself sitting in the front pew within smiling distance of one papal delegate and two cardinals. I had come a long way from my Belfast youth. □



Suicide, WHY?

By Shirley Motter Linde
and
William H. Wehrmacher, M.D.

WHEN people like actress Marilyn Monroe and actor George Sanders (whose recent suicide note said, "I am leaving because I am bored") take their own lives, the nation's attention focuses on suicide.

It is one of the top ten killers in the United States—sixth in causes of death among teen-agers and second among college students. But what do we really know about it? What kinds of people choose death instead of life? Can we help them? How?

About 23,000 suicides a year are reported in the United States, yet the actual number may be twice that. Many suicides are reported as accidents to spare families from social stigma or because the victims have cleverly concealed evidence of intent.

In addition a much larger number of Americans—perhaps 200,000—attempt suicide unsuccessfully each year. As many as 2 million people among us may have tried at least once to kill themselves.

A relatively uncharted area of death, suicide is being studied intently, and some facts have emerged.

More men than women take their own lives, the ratio increasing from three young men to one young woman to ten elderly men to one elderly woman. Men usually choose violent methods; women are more likely to use poison or gas.

The number of suicides increases with age, the highest rate occurring in men aged 75 to 84.

Married people are less likely to commit suicide than single or divorced people, or than widows or widowers. Married people with children are the least suicide prone of all.

Some studies indicate that Protestants have a lower suicide rate than Roman Catholics; others give Catholics the lower rate. Jewish people have had a lower rate than Christians except in Europe during World Wars I and II. Now in Israel the rate is low.

Suicides increase during depressions and decrease during wars. More occur in April and May than at other seasons. One of the real seedbeds is the slums, which breed loneliness, alcoholism, drug addiction, and crime, and where mentally disorganized people seem to root themselves.

Some people kill themselves because they are mentally ill, and in mental hospitals the doctors and attendants maintain a constant watch for suicide attempts. Even so, in one hospital a mental patient knocked aside two nurses and raced past a guard to leap through a closed window at the end of a 12th-floor corridor.

Some people kill themselves because of serious physical illness. An 84-year-old factory worker, suffering excruciating pain after surgery for cancer, hanged himself from his closet door.

Young women are likely to seek death because they are disappointed in love or feel guilty about illicit sex relations. A 20-year-old salesgirl leaped to her death from her lover's third-floor apartment after he had rejected her. She was pregnant.

Among young people between 15 and 19 years old suicide is the third leading cause of death. Young people may kill themselves because of dissatisfaction, failure, rebellion, or an urge to punish their parents. Adults

may kill themselves because they are frustrated or feel futile, particularly in old age. Others kill themselves in the hope of making somebody else suffer. And a few die to call attention to a problem in the world.

As serious or as trivial as their reasons seem to be, suicide-prone people are likely to be among the most sensitive, productive individuals in our society. They need help desperately, and a number of suicide-prevention programs have been established to help them.

The Suicide Prevention Center which opened in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1958, has a full-scale program aimed at saving lives and learning more about suicide. Patients are sent to the center by physicians or agencies, or they may call the 24-hour emergency telephone service of their own volition to talk to someone about their desperate fight against the urge to destroy themselves.

Some patients are counseled in the center; others are treated at various state hospitals, clinics, and agencies, or by psychiatrists in private practice. In an emergency the center rushes someone out to help. In any event, constant contact is maintained with the patient and his family.

A telephone service is manned by psychiatrists at Kings County Psychiatric Hospital in New York City, and the National Save-A-Life League provides telephone service in New York City and a few other cities as well. It depends on laymen and counselors who consult psychiatrists when necessary.

In Boston, a private organization called Rescue, Inc., is directed by a priest. Other help is available at Massachusetts General Hospital. In Miami, Fla., a group of volunteers runs a center called FRIENDS, which can be reached by phone simply by dialing the name.

A variety of telephone-counseling systems have grown up throughout the United States to help people who are not able to deal with crises in their lives. One is CONTACT Teleministry, which has accredited 33 centers, all of which are in 24-hour operation. More CONTACT centers are being formed, or are being planned. Affiliated with Lifeline International, which began in Sydney, Australia, CONTACT got its start in this country under the sponsorship of the United Methodist Board of Evangelism.

FISH, a nationwide network of citizens who perform neighborly services, is also able to tell people with serious problems how to get professional help. And numerous community "hot lines" are dealing with the problem of suicide as well as many other crisis situations. Some are student operated and try to deal with the problems of the young.

Why does one person kill himself while another with the same or a worse problem does not?

Says Dr. Louis Dublin in his book *Suicide: A Sociological and Statistical Study* (Ronald Press, \$8): "Chronic fear and anxiety, with their sense of inferiority; helplessness without hope; life without continuity; hatred and aggressiveness with their concomitant feelings of guilt and revenge . . . these are the internal furies that drive their victims toward self-destruction.

"From time to time everyone finds himself in a state of crisis as he wrestles with problems that are temporarily beyond his capacity to solve. While the thought of suicide may occur to everyone, few of us use it or

attempt it as a solution. . . . Much depends on the individual's capacity to master the mechanisms that enable him to deal with his problem."

The outcome depends also, Dr. Dublin says, on whether someone is present at the moment of crisis to give support.

What can you do if you are that someone?

First, the fact that you are there, and are genuinely concerned, is important.

Second, it is important to realize that any threat of suicide should be taken seriously. People who talk about suicide often commit it. Dr. Norman L. Farberow and Dr. Edwin S. Schneidman, founders of the Suicide Prevention Center in Los Angeles, discovered that three out of every four people who take their own lives had either attempted it or had talked about it before.

Do not be afraid or ashamed to talk about suicidal feelings. People reach out for help, and they need to talk to somebody. An appeal to you may be a last step before death.

What you say depends on who you are talking to. If he seems to be interested in a theoretical or historical discussion, you will have to admit that suicide has occurred throughout the world and down through history. In some cultures it has been traditional. Members of primitive tribes have committed suicide. Old people have killed themselves when they were no longer able to care for themselves. In India wives have dutifully killed themselves in ceremonial *suttee* when their husbands have died as have servants when their master died. In Japan taking one's life still is considered the honorable atonement for failure.

Abraham Lincoln was so depressed at one time that his friends took all knives and razors away from him. He wrote: "I am the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall be better, I cannot tell; I awfully forebode I shall not."

Lincoln did get better, but he expressed the deep depression of the person who is suicide bent. No matter how his problems looked to somebody else, they were insurmountable to him.

If the person you are concerned with will talk about religion, remind him of the sacredness of life and of the body as a temple of God, themes woven throughout the Scriptures. You might quote 1 Corinthians 3:16-17: "Do you not know that you are God's temple and that God's Spirit dwells in you? If any one destroys God's temple, God will destroy him. For God's temple is holy, and that temple you are."

A few states list suicide as a crime, and if you live in one of those states, it is possible that reminding the suicide-bent person that it is against the law could cause him to abandon his plan.

Recognition of responsibility and duty may give one the courage to overcome the crisis. You might ask what children and other loved ones would do. And you can ask if we are not bound to endure some suffering and self-denial for others.

The important thing is to get the disturbed person to his family physician or to a psychiatrist as quickly as possible for professional help. Many new drugs help

and psychiatric counseling can be a great assistance.

Dr. James R. Harris, chief psychiatrist at Philadelphia General Hospital, says: "Make certain the patient is never isolated. Persuade him—if necessary, order him—to maintain constant contact with friends and family, to join organizations—anything, just so he is not alone. Simply saying, 'I'll see you again tomorrow,' may be life-saving for it implies that there is hope if he can just hold on until tomorrow."

The first question asked by the Emergency Psychiatric Treatment Service in Brooklyn, N.Y., is: "How can I help you?"

"We try to get the person to tell us what's bothering him," says Dr. Herbert Waltzer, director. "We try to give him reassurance, to tell him that there are solutions for his problems, that he must try to understand what he is experiencing."

Says the Rev. Kenneth B. Murphy of Rescue, Inc.: "We work simply, using love and understanding as the answer to the cry for help. The distraught person who feels there is nothing left for him but death is shrieking an appeal. It is up to us to heed that call with all the strength of our faith."

Not everyone who attempts to kill himself wants to die. Many are only begging for attention or help. These attempters take precautions to be discovered in time, but the precautions may fail, and they may die. Some attempters cannot decide whether they really want to die or not, and leave the outcome to fate.

Some who survive a suicide attempt are happy to find themselves alive; but many try again, and 10 to 20 percent eventually do kill themselves.

At least one half of the suicides probably could be prevented. Here are danger signals:

Suicidal depression may masquerade as tiredness, difficulty in sleeping, loss of appetite, loss of weight, or concern about the sexual urge. The potential victim may be moody and lack his usual interest in friends, family, business, hobbies, and recreation. He is likely to stop making plans for the future and to dismiss discussions of future plans with a shrug. He may be hostile to those he has loved, and he may ignore his usual enemies. He may have fits of despair, may pace the floor anxiously, may seem unusually tense or agitated.

Talk or threat of suicide is a definite danger signal. The person bent on killing himself may say he has nothing to live for. He may express guilt feelings, or say he feels worthless and that "others would be better off if I were dead."

He may give away certain possessions that have been dear to him, or talk as though he might not be around to use them. And he may grieve excessively over someone's death.

Even though the depression may lift, the suicidal crisis is not over. In fact, this is the most dangerous time. One study revealed that half of the people who killed themselves did so within 90 days *after* a suicidal crisis, when they appeared to be happy and on the way to recovery.

What can you do in a last-ditch crisis when someone is ready to leap to his death or shoot himself?

Try anything you think might work, but do not rush or threaten. Keep talking to distract him and to give him a chance to be rescued. You may be authoritative, and

command him to stop. You may be persuasive, asking him to consider what he is doing, to think of the people he will leave behind, telling him he is thinking only of himself and not of others.

While you are talking, get somebody else to call the local suicide-prevention center, the family, or friends. Sometimes the presence of a policeman in uniform, a clergyman in clerical collar, or a physician in a white coat will have a commanding influence, and will produce a critically important delay that will give time for rescue effort.

Any experience with someone bent on self-destruction will leave you shaken by your own inadequacy—and fully aware that preventing suicide can, suddenly and without warning, become anybody's problem.

You can find out what suicide-prevention facilities are available in your own community by asking your minister, your physician, your community mental-health association, the county welfare office, or the local police department. If there is no adequate program, your church may want to work to establish one. The local council of churches may be able to initiate an interdenominational "Lifeline" ministry or, if your church is endowed with enough professional and lay volunteers, it may want to establish its own lifesaving ministry.

Suicide will never be banished from the face of the earth, but lives can be saved through compassionate, informed action. To save them, there will have to be more—many more—trained professional workers, hospital facilities, volunteers, and especially, genuinely concerned people who will assume local leadership. □

A MINISTRY OF HEARING

By Hannah E. Casper

Listen—

Open yourself,
Share his troubles.

Listen—

Suffer silently with him.
Do not condemn.

Listen—

Sympathize,
Care,
Love.

Together's 16th Annual Photo Invitational
on 'Brotherhood'

Who Is My Neighbor?

THE answer, of course, is that all of us are neighbors. Not that we live next door or on the same block, but that we are bound as neighbors one to the other—pole to pole, equator to equator—by the invisible ties of brotherhood.

Among the hundreds of transparencies submitted in this, *Together's* 16th Photo Invitational, were a surprising number of pictures involving children and teen-agers. Obviously our reader-photographers feel that if there is to be brotherhood among all men, a major tenet advocated by Christianity, it is for yet another generation to show the way.

—Herman B. Teeter



Above all else, perhaps, brotherhood means caring for others, young or old. And it doesn't matter if caring for brother is one of this little girl's daily chores. Her feeling for him is plain to see as the two walk together on a side street in Oaxaca, Mexico.

Out of our own past—and for the good of others—the old-time quilting bee exemplified the pioneer spirit of neighborliness. “The race of mankind would perish,” wrote Sir Walter Scott, “did they cease to aid each other . . . no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.”

—Mrs. Ted Trask, Wichita, Kans. ▼



elen S. Byram, New York, N.Y.



▲—The Rev. Leon Kofod, Rockville Centre, N.Y.

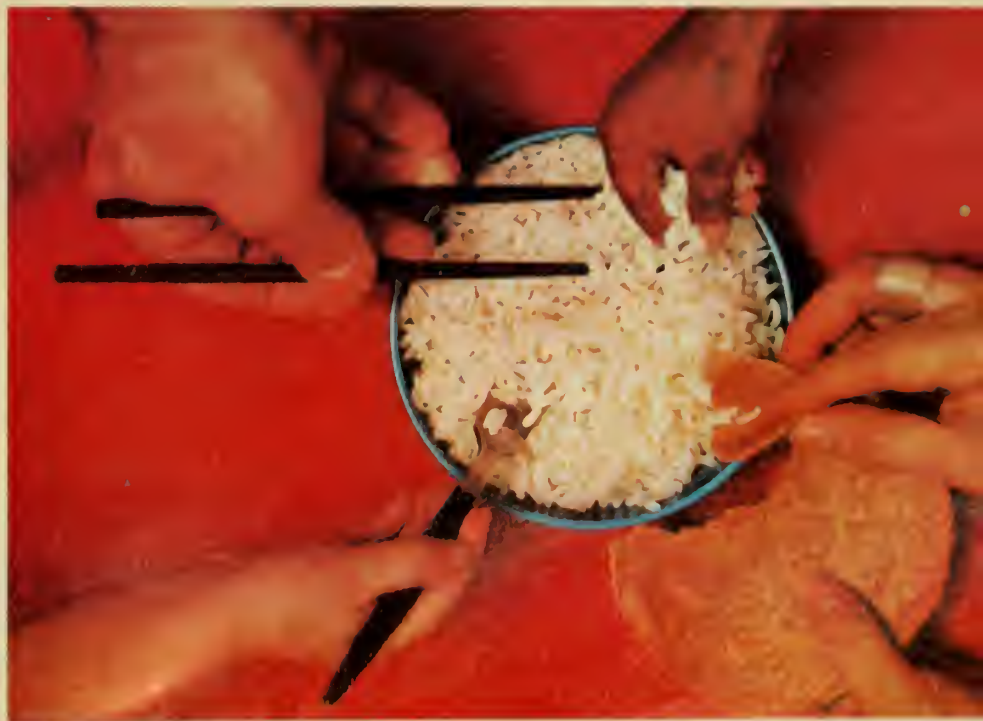
"I saw and heard a crowd of boys on a playground watching what seemed to be a championship boxing match," says the photographer.

"I arrived just as . . . the battlers threw tired arms around each other in an obvious gesture of genuine friendship."



—Nancy Buttmer, Bethlehem, Pa. ▲

In the Amish country of Pennsylvania, these men are neighbors whether they live on adjoining farms or in the next county. They have seen another's need, and they bring skills together in brotherhood, doing what one could not do alone, or only under great hardship.



"Although our hunger is great,
we unite in brotherly affection to
share this bowl of food."

—Simon Baert, APO, New York, N.Y. ►



—Jo Ann Higbee, Goleta, Calif. ▲

These four girls—each 17 years old—relax on lush grass under a bright California sun, far from hunger and strife, free and apparently without feeling the world's burdens. Yet in their faces one can read a sharing of harmony and happiness in one another's company.

—Birney Dibble, M.D., Eau Clair, Wis. ▼





▲—Rohn Engh, Star Prairie, Wis.

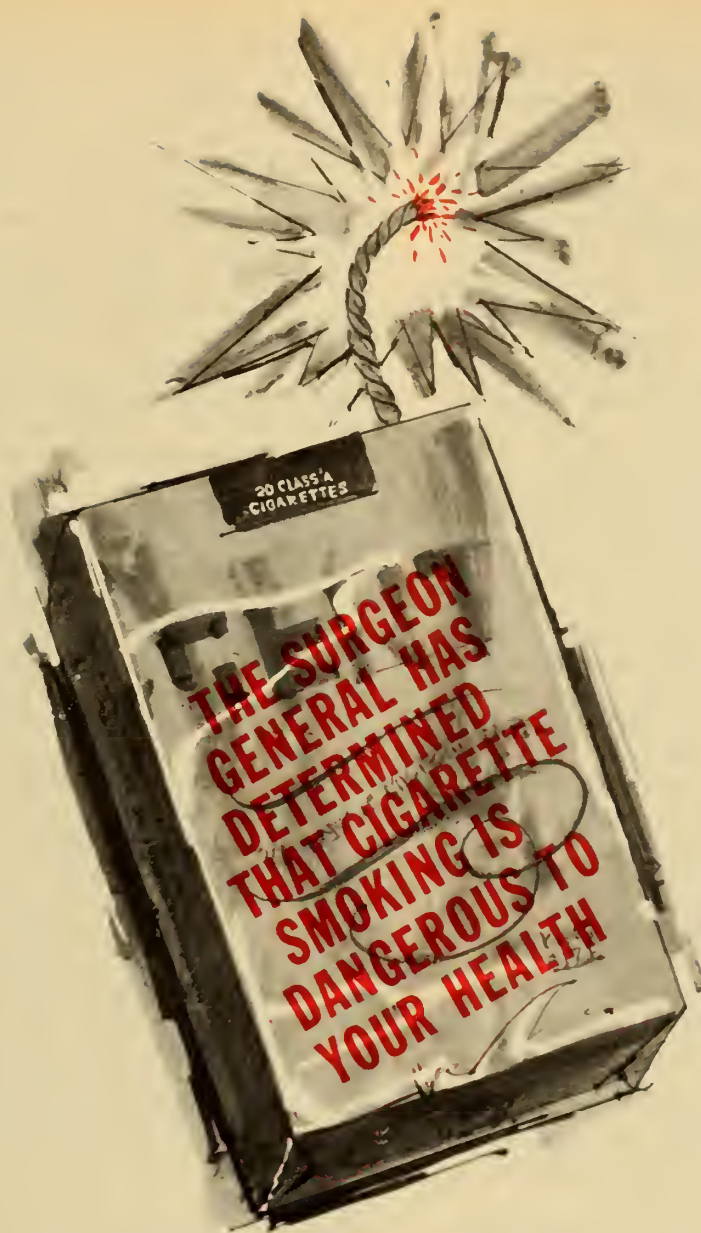
In the vastness of Africa's north-central Tanzania, Dr. Joseph Norquist, missionary eye specialist, has restored a blind man's sight. Here, the doctor and patient form a classic vignette of brotherhood, recalling the words of Peter (Acts 3:6) as he healed the cripple: "I have no silver and gold, but I give you what I have."

Even when we shun involvement as seems more and more common today—our natural instinct is to aid others in danger or distress. Our mysterious bond of brotherhood is strong, and must endure, for none can make his way alone.



▲—Elmer E. Nielson, Burbank, Calif.

At the United Nations building in New York, where men of many countries search for global brotherhood, the haunting eyes of a Bolivian boy look from a black and white photomural in startling contrast to his American counterpart. Although the two live hemispheres apart and may never meet, one senses that they could become friends—for such is the way of children. Among children, Charles Dickens wrote, “. . . there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice.” So it must be if we are to live as brothers and sisters in the human family.



You, Your Faith, and SMOKING

By DAVID C. KING

IF YOU ARE a heavy cigarette smoker and want to quit, chances are you won't be able to. In fact, the odds are almost ten to one against you—unless it is discovered that you have lung cancer. When that dreaded diagnosis comes, nine out of ten smokers do quit.

The relationship between smoking and cancer, along with other diseases, is a continued concern of the medical profession. Most cancer research people had been sure

that the U.S. Surgeon General's 1964 report linking cigarettes to cancer would profoundly affect the public. They assumed that enough people would be sufficiently alarmed to cause a significant drop in this country's number of smokers.

Enough smokers were alarmed to cause a per capita drop in cigarette consumption from 217 packs in 1963 to 198 packs per year in 1971. But now the number of cigarettes sold seems to be on the increase again. While more adult Americans are ex-smokers than ever before, teen-age smoking has increased considerably.

Today, almost nine years after the Surgeon General's report was issued, there are about 45 million smokers above the age of 17 in the United States.

If people are aware that smoking can cause cancer, why haven't more of them quit? Many answers have been offered: people do not care; they become too nervous or gain weight when they try to quit; they do not feel secure without a cigarette; they are not concerned with abstract statistics.

These reasons do contain more than a grain of truth. Some people cannot carry on a conversation without smoking a cigarette. It is probable that many do not believe cigarettes can harm their health. But findings clearly pinpoint the major reason more people do not quit: they cannot face the gnawing physical discomfort that occurs when they try. I have observed hundreds of people trying to quit with medical help. After discussing the problem with cancer research specialists, I am convinced there are millions of people in this country who would like to stop but just don't think they can.

AT THE TIME of the Surgeon General's report, Roswell Park Memorial Institute, one of the nation's largest cancer research centers, began a series of smoking withdrawal clinics. The purpose was not only to help people stop smoking but also to find out why they continued in spite of the warnings. Volunteers came by the hundreds. "I just can't seem to quit," many of them said. "Maybe this will help."

The clinics began with an educational introduction. Volunteers learned for instance that 1 of every 10 heavy smokers develops lung cancer, which means heavy smoking can be compared to playing Russian roulette with a 10-chambered revolver. They saw mind-jarring, full-color films of the horrors cancer can create in the human body. You could tell they had been deeply shocked by looking at their faces; if any of these volunteers had doubted his desire to give up smoking, these films erased the doubts.

However, the doctors knew that even with the desire to quit it would not be easy. Different types of aids were used to help the volunteers in their efforts. Some were given a drug called lobeline, which reduces the craving for cigarettes at least temporarily. Others were given either depressants, stimulants, or a combination of chemicals.

Thoroughly convinced they had solved their problem, the subjects started their withdrawal. Practically every person managed initially to quit. But at the end of one year, only 17 percent had been able to stay away from cigarettes. The rest were smoking again, nearly all of them as heavily as before. Similar results have occurred in clinics throughout the country.

The experiments seem to show that the difficulty with smoking is physical, not psychological. Certainly there are many people who use smoking as a psychological crutch. But the research clinic specialists are convinced that smoking is an addiction for most people. The smoker needs a cigarette, just as the alcoholic craves a drink and the addict must have drugs—because their bodies demand it. Of course the addiction is much stronger with alcohol or drugs, but the principle is the same.

Dr. Charles A. Ross, director of the Roswell Park clinics, is convinced that among the 500 chemical compounds in tobacco, there is one the smoker comes to crave. "There is no question," he states, "but that physical changes take place when people stop smoking. They display withdrawal symptoms similar to those of a drug addict."

Researchers have not been able to isolate the compound that creates the addiction. Nicotine seemed the most likely villain, but tests haven't yet supported this idea. When subjects took capsules of nicotine to help curb their craving, they still felt the need for a cigarette.

Suppose that either through research or by accident a tobacco company produced a cigarette eliminating or filtering out the addicting agent—assuming there is only one. Chances are smokers would simply avoid that brand and favor another that satisfied their craving.

Thus the physical nature of the habit makes it doubtful the health-conscious smoker can hope for development of a "safe" cigarette. If the cigarette is safe, it isn't satisfying. It would be just as easy to give up smoking as to rely on a harmless cigarette.

The plain truth then is there is no easy way to give up the habit once you are hooked. Thousands of people have waged a winning battle, but they are far outnumbered by those who have tried and failed. One distraught smoker who had repeatedly quit and then succumbed asked Dr. Ross if there was any sure way to give it up. "Yes, there is," the doctor replied. "Develop lung cancer."

This comment was not meant to be cruel. Apparently an awareness of the dangers does not scare people enough to face withdrawal pains. We've all learned that smoking contributes to heart disease, emphysema, cirrhosis of the liver, lung cancer, and a variety of other diseases. But most of us don't become frightened until it is too late.

The problem is complicated since so many things make it easy to give in to the habit. The advertising of tobacco companies supports the idea that smoking is perfectly all right, quite desirable in fact. Although cigarette advertising on television has been banned, we see more newspaper, magazine, and billboard advertising than before.

A generation ago smoking was unacceptable in many areas. Now only a few places prohibit smoking—churches, courtrooms, some business places. If smoking could be made less acceptable by extending the banned areas, it certainly would help. Some businesses have done this. When an officer of a New York banking house died of lung cancer, the board issued an order that all executives would have to stop smoking.

Although this approach has not been entirely successful, it has helped. As one doctor stated, "If I'm in the operating room for six to eight hours, I know I can't

smoke, and it doesn't bother me. But outside the operating room, I don't believe I could last half that long without a cigarette."

Despite being faced with a major health problem, smoking is each individual's decision. If he wants to quit, he has to do it on his own. There are no short cuts—even chemical aids are of little value after the first few weeks. In a sense the reformed smoker is in the same predicament as the drug addict. He has to give it up "cold turkey" and force himself to suffer the withdrawal symptoms.

Some smokers do manage to cure themselves. How? Some just don't suffer so much as others. Apparently they didn't become so firmly hooked.

MOST PEOPLE who quit do suffer withdrawal symptoms but manage to overcome them. Knowing how few people had succeeded at Roswell Park clinics, I decided to concentrate my research on them and find out why. In almost every case the successful quitter had a positive reason for stopping. One researcher explained, "They did it because they found a positive motivation, something that was stronger than the physical discomfort of not smoking."

An east European refugee in his mid 40s managed to quit when his wife was expecting their first child. "I was sure," he said, "that God did not intend for a newborn baby to take almost its first breath in a smoke-filled room. I couldn't live with the idea that my habit might hurt my child's health."

Most successful subjects said that learning the harmful effects of smoking convinced them they must quit. But after the first few weeks many found their resolve considerably weakened. At this point they discovered the value of an additional positive goal, like the expectant father had. One man stuck with it because he had promised himself a new hunting rifle with the money he saved; another managed because his family had promised him a color television set. But the one source of renewed strength most often mentioned was religious faith.

A lawyer, unsuccessful at quitting for nearly five years, put it this way: "I guess we don't realize the practical uses of prayer until we become desperate. I was desperate after that first week. It became more than just quitting; it was all tied up with my confidence in myself. I turned to prayer and it gave me that extra bit of strength to get the job done."

Medically, there is nothing unsound about using your religion as an aid in a struggle like this. In fact, it makes good sense. Physical dependence on cigarettes is not so strong that it cannot be overcome—so long as the person's inner resolve is strong enough.

In addition to finding a strong motivation for giving up smoking, other things can help. It is a good idea to make a joint effort with as many others as possible. In weight control, doctors have found that group therapy works wonders. Each individual pulls strength from the others. When he weakens, he can frequently rally because he doesn't want to let the group down.

This same principle was demonstrated by a group of high-school teachers who decided to quit. The first few weeks went smoothly, but then withdrawal symptoms worked their strong pull. It was particularly difficult at night when each was alone. They began calling each

other when they felt weakest and the urge to smoke was strongest.

"Walt," one would say dismally, "I've got to have a cigarette." Walt would then talk the caller back into the right frame of mind. The round robin phone calls lasted nearly four months. Several of the teachers succumbed to the lure of cigarettes, but most stuck with it. Gradually, the midnight calls became fewer and eventually stopped.

Other groups have tried similar schemes—dropping a quarter into a bank every time one desired a cigarette; agreeing to buy some commonly desired items with the money saved. There are many variations—the important thing is getting people to work together on a very difficult task.

The reformed smoker must constantly remind himself he has quit primarily to save his health. This calls for a relentless campaign of self-education. It is no accident that the group most successful in stopping has been members of the medical profession. Ten years ago roughly 65 percent of this country's doctors were steady smokers. This figure is now estimated to be down to less than 30 percent.

These three aids—faith, group activities, education—could well be used by any church group desiring to serve itself, its members, and its community. If we don't want our children to smoke, we are the ones who have to show why they shouldn't, in as many ways and with as much tact as possible.

So far we have not done very well in curing our own smoking habits. We've been even less successful with our children. More and more young people are smoking and they are starting earlier than ever before. Each year an estimated 1.1 million teen-agers join the ranks as cigarette smokers.

At this rate the tobacco industry can continue to claim more new customers each year. And the gruesome statistic of 65,000 lung-cancer deaths a year will continue to climb. We are all aware of the danger. But we all seem to be leaving the solution to someone else. Who else is there? There really isn't anybody but us. □

A REFORMATION PRAYER

God of redeeming grace,
To whom we raise our easy praise,
Disturb our worship comforts,
Interrupt our pious amen
With a summons to be plowmen
Breaking up indifference-hardened soil,

Crumble the ease
With which we cease
To do the chores at hand,
Preferring in our spiritual freeze
Like parasites to seize
Upon the record of thy servants
Who have borne the cross
Without regard for any loss
Of face they may have undergone

—Bruce C. Souders

The Day I Stopped Hunting

By HERB PHIPPS

AT DUSK each evening I sit at the rear window of our living room and watch for a gray fox to arrive to eat the food I have placed in the backyard. Frequently a pet raccoon sits in my lap.

My attitude toward these animals is neither understood nor approved by some of my suburban neighbors, but my compassion for both foxes and raccoons goes back to unforgettable experiences in my boyhood days when I was encouraged to hunt.

I was nine years old when I brought home my first kill. My father was proud of me, but I felt no pride in what I had done.

A young cottontail rabbit had dashed from a clump of weeds in a snow-covered field, then sat down, unaware of danger as I aimed my new .22 rifle and squeezed the trigger. It had all seemed so simple, and I couldn't erase from my mind the little animal's convulsive kicks or the trickle of blood so unpleasantly out of place on the beautiful, fresh snow.

My parents had taught me kindness to animals, and I enjoyed the nature stories they read to me. Early in life I gained a fondness for animals, both wild and domestic. I often helped feed our horse and cow, and my father's kindness to them and to our dog and cat impressed me.

Yet he delighted in telling of his hunting experiences as a youth. It disturbed me that he had found pleasure in killing animals which I knew as Peter Rabbit, Br'er Fox, and Br'er Bear. To me, the only difference in animals was that some lived in the woods and some lived with people.

When my father gave me the rifle he commented, "It's too bad there's not much to hunt around here except a few rabbits."

Then, when I was 12, we moved to a rugged region in the Midwest. "You're lucky you are living where you can enjoy a fine American tradition now, son," said my father. "There's a lot of good hunting around here."

Riding horseback, I began taking my gun into the forest-covered hills—and soon learned that a loaded gun in your hands in a game area can produce an instinctive urge to use it.

Whenever I brought down a dweller of the woods with a well-aimed shot, there was a moment of elation as I exclaimed, "Got 'im!" But then, as I picked up the dead animal, I felt compassion for it. I saw meaning and beauty in its creation. My remorse was stronger when I wounded an animal, knowing it would suffer.

I would try to tell myself I was just being a sissy. My hunting *did* produce food. And it made my father proud of me.

Except for snakes and lizards, only once did I kill anything that wasn't edible. A strange, long-legged white fowl on a riverbank offered a challenging target. As I

fired, it lifted its long, graceful wings, then wilted in death. A similar bird soared into the air nearby, and I wondered if I had destroyed a rare and mated species. Disgusted, I rode home.

Since raccoon hunting with hounds was popular among the boys of the region—and because I didn't want to appear different—I accepted a hunting invitation from two acquaintances.

We hadn't been in the woods long when the two hounds treed a large coon. One of the boys dislodged it with a noncrippling shot. Instantly the dogs charged and knocked the coon on its back. But the ripping power of its sharp claws and teeth caused the hounds—each twice the coon's 20-pound weight—to bound back.

As the dogs continued a dash-in-and-out attack, all three animals became bloody from numerous wounds. I was amazed by the courage and fighting skill of the coon and wished I could help it. I suppressed an urge to protest, aware that it would only cause me to be laughed at for being sissy and softhearted.

Blood blinded one of the dogs and he was withdrawn. The other was near exhaustion and defeat. Then one of my companions hurled a hatchet at the coon, intending to split its head. Missing its mark, the weapon chopped off two hind toes.

As the coon tried to escape up a nearby tree, it was shot down again. After a few wobbly steps its hind legs collapsed, and the dog was at its throat. With the remaining strength in its battered body, the dying coon placed its front paws on the dog's head and tried to push it away.

I returned home feeling sick. I resented it when my father asked about the hunt. "We got one coon," I said, and made an excuse to leave the room.

For many months my gun remained in the closet. But a boy can be strongly motivated by a desire to please his father, and to do what the other boys are doing, so I began hunting again.

I used my gun less frequently, though, and began to enjoy hiding and observing animals and their habits. My fondness for the woods dwellers grew stronger as I watched them cope with problems of survival in their highly insecure world.

My most shocking and memorable experience came one day while I was hunting near a riverbank. The sound of my shot at a squirrel was followed by a metallic noise from beyond a nearby slope.

Behind the slope I found a gray fox, a hind leg in a steel trap. The animal's thin body and swollen leg told of several days and nights spent there. Fresh tracks around the trap revealed the recent presence of another fox, unable to help. I wondered what kind of person would set such a trap and fail to check it daily.

Aware that a trapped animal can be dangerous, I

"... I began taking my gun into the forest-covered hills—and soon learned that a loaded gun in your hands in a game area can produce an instinctive urge to use it."

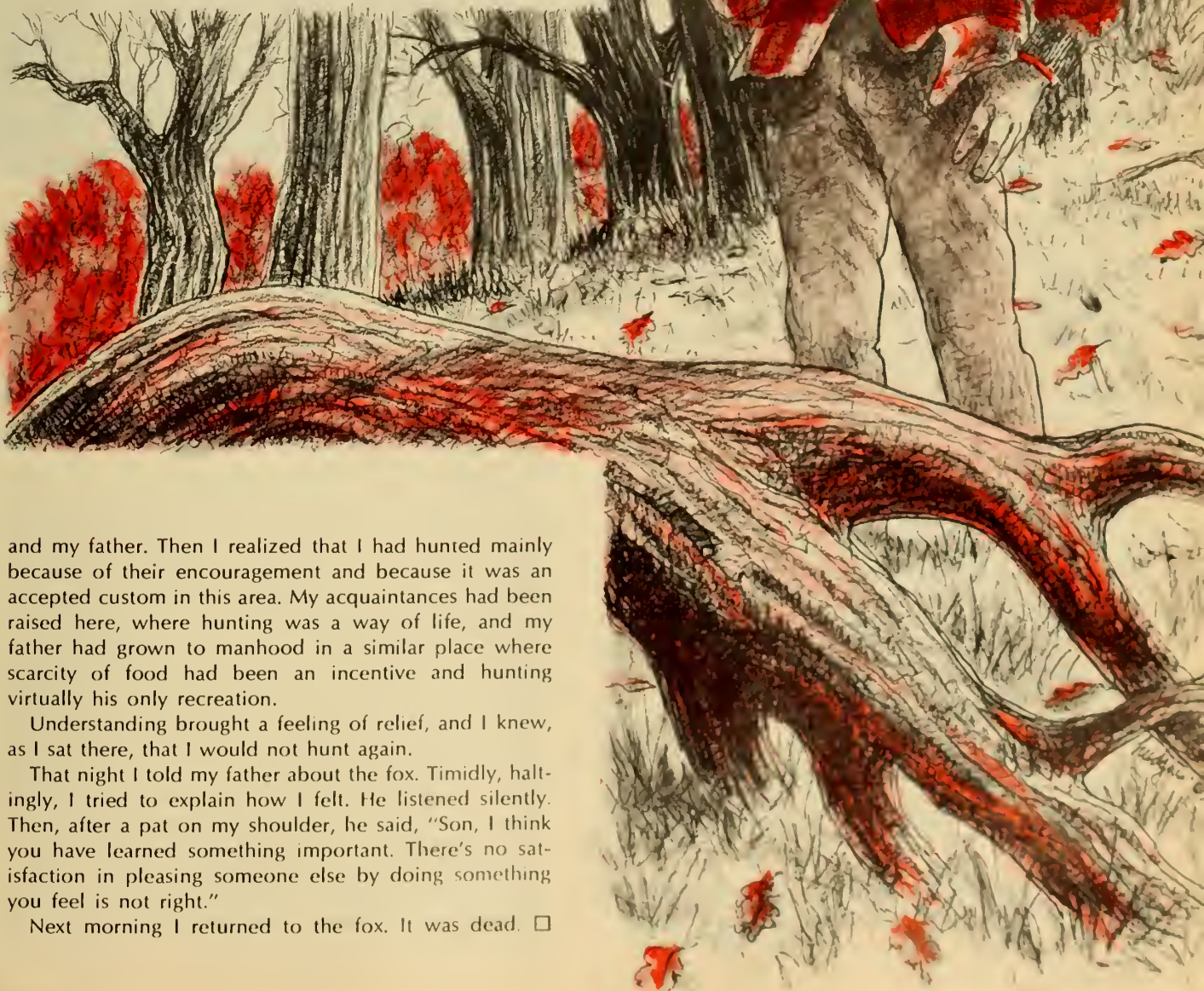
stood out of reach as I talked to the fox in a soft, reassuring voice—and was astonished at its reaction. The animal looked directly into my eyes with an expression I'll never forget. I had the feeling it was asking for help.

Using a tree limb, I cautiously pried open the trap's jaws. The fox made no attempt to attack me, as I had feared. Probably it was too weak, but I like to think it understood I was trying to help. The fox staggered to shelter under some nearby shrubs.

I hurried home and returned with food and water.

On the way back I stopped and sat under a tree. I didn't want to go home just yet, didn't want to talk to anyone. I was shaken by that haunting look in the fox's eyes, and the thought of how it had suffered. I wondered if the animal had actually sensed my feelings of friendliness.

I wondered why I seemed different from other boys



and my father. Then I realized that I had hunted mainly because of their encouragement and because it was an accepted custom in this area. My acquaintances had been raised here, where hunting was a way of life, and my father had grown to manhood in a similar place where scarcity of food had been an incentive and hunting virtually his only recreation.

Understanding brought a feeling of relief, and I knew, as I sat there, that I would not hunt again.

That night I told my father about the fox. Timidly, haltingly, I tried to explain how I felt. He listened silently. Then, after a pat on my shoulder, he said, "Son, I think you have learned something important. There's no satisfaction in pleasing someone else by doing something you feel is not right."

Next morning I returned to the fox. It was dead. □

An Inclusive Religion

By William E. G. Bond



The Calling of the Apostles Peter and Andrew by Duccio Di Buoninsegna

IF I ASK my friends, "What is your religion?" one might say, "Well, I'm a Protestant," another, "I'm a Catholic," or a third might say, "I'm a Jew." But this does not tell me what his religion really is. Each merely has named one of the many organized forms of religion.

Within these general categories are many variations. In the Jewish tradition there are the strictly orthodox and there are the more liberal reformed congregations with beliefs that are characteristic of each. If a person says he is a Catholic, he may mean that he belongs to a church that recognizes the papal authority of Rome, or he may mean he follows the similarly ancient authority of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Not long ago *Newsweek* magazine published an article entitled *Has the Church Lost Its Soul?* which said, "There is now as much diversity in theology and life-style among U.S. Catholics as there is among U.S. Protestants. A Catholic, in effect, is anyone who says he is, and his attitude toward the church is likely to be shaped essentially by his income, education, and where he floats in America's still bubbling melting pot."

When a person says he is a Protestant, he may be one who cherishes the simple forms of worship of the Bap-

tists, the liturgical services of the Episcopalians, or the middle road of the United Methodists.

Suppose I tour the earth and ask its people, "What is your religion?" In Arab lands the followers of Mohammed would profess themselves Muslims. In Asia and the Far East, I would find millions who follow the ancient practices of Hinduism and Buddhism, and in Japan, of Shintoism. Elsewhere in the Orient the ethical sayings of Confucius are still revered.

In Russia, while organized religious worship is discouraged, worship of the state is in reality a religion for the people. It is a religion that bases its faith on the assumption that there is no religion! Yet careful examination of the Russian life-style reveals holy days, shrines, saints, scripture, and missionaries.

We United Methodists come from a heritage that is based on the Judeo-Christian faith. The Christian religion starts with the belief in one God whose love for all mankind is revealed in the life and teachings of Jesus. He did not speak for one nation or one religious tradition. He spoke out of the wisdom of the ages, and what he said has stood for all time as a challenge to men to reach up and search out their own ways to find God.

Let's talk for a moment about what religion is not.

Religion is not the church. Religion is not a dogmatic authority that refuses to welcome the birth of your own spirit. Religion is not going through set forms that have been established by church authorities. Whatever their

Mr. Bond delivered this sermon at the Santa Clarita United Methodist Church in Saugus, Calif., on Laymen's Day, 1971.

—Your Editors

value, these are mere disciplines of particular religious groups, not religion itself.

Religion is a devotion of your whole self to the highest cause you know. You are willing to search, to serve, and to worship. And you are willing to go on searching to know more about the highest values and deepest meanings of life.

To prevent any misunderstanding of my previous statement about the church, I must add that the church does provide a very important means by which we receive religious guidance as well as the opportunities for collective worship and service.

Perhaps you have asked a church member to take a responsible job in the church and the reply went something like this: "I could never be a commission chairman or a board member. I couldn't stand to be continually smoothing differences between factions in the church. If that's religion, you can have it!"

Well, if that truly were religion, you could have it. I wouldn't want it! What we must never forget is that the church is a group of people who must constantly be aware of their limitations. They are seeking truth and repentance and the wisdom of God through worship together and through the disciplines of service and sacrifice. Religion is much more than seeking to live a good life. A Christian is much more than a "good man."

When I think of church members as modern disciples and compare the vast majority of them with the first disciples that Jesus called, I am aghast. When Jesus called his disciples, he told them in effect, "Leave what you are doing and follow me!" Jesus called for commitment to "the Kingdom," and he spent much of his ministry explaining what he meant by that term. After discussing the necessities of eating, drinking, and being clothed, he said, "Seek first his [God's] kingdom and his righteousness and all these things shall be yours as well."

The Kingdom was to be sought as first priority. In the company of his disciples Jesus proceeded with the tasks of the Kingdom. He taught, preached, counseled, and healed. People were amazed at his works. The Kingdom came into their lives, and awe and wonder were the only appropriate responses.

The demands that Jesus made of his followers were such that only a few were capable of responding. Jesus demanded that his followers leave their old ways of life, their past thoughts and actions, their cherished idols and personal ambitions. He did not compromise his call. He asked his disciples to put aside everything and follow him. Is it any wonder that only a few followed? Jesus demanded so much! We would be more willing to follow today if we too could keep our selfish ambitions.

Perhaps one of the great failures of the church today is we do not make clear the truly radical demands of Christ. We do not want to offend people. We make it easy for them to become "Christians." After they join our churches, we have to keep them happy by limiting our requests for gifts and service, and by preaching things they want to hear.

Perhaps our complicated society makes it impossible for us to drop everything and follow Jesus. But if the church is to succeed in the very difficult task it seeks to accomplish, it must have the right and the courage to

make more demands of its members than it does now. Once again the church must be consistent with the demands that Jesus made to first seek the Kingdom and be willing to give everything for it.

Likewise, members need chastising for not being more responsive to the demands the church makes. Too often members completely forget the vow they took at the time they joined the church to support it by their prayers, presence, gifts, and service. Too frequently members walk out and do not return because they allowed themselves to be offended by a statement the minister made.

Real seekers of the Kingdom are willing to search and serve in spite of difficulty wherever there is need.

As you learn more and more about your world, are you also searching for a greater awareness of the presence of God? Do you feel that even though you often miss the mark yourself and fall flat in your attempts to be a better person, there is a source of creative forgiveness that forgives your weaknesses and sets you on your feet for another try?

What about your family? Have you been able to keep your family or your business from becoming your religion? Are you happy when a new translation of the Bible comes along because of the new thoughts it will give you in your religious growth? Do you accept new discoveries in our world or outside our world with joy even though they may call for changing some of your ideas? If someone has beliefs that are shockingly different from your own, are you willing to accept him as a friend and co-worker even though you cannot agree with him?

If your answer to any of these questions is no, then your religion may be adequate for you, but it is not a searching faith. Jesus said that we will find certainty and poise and purpose as we give up the things that we selfishly hold on to. Jesus taught that religion is not negative but positive. It is a lifelong search for the presence of God in everyday living. Religion is a faith in life and an assurance of the steadiness and the presence of God beyond our own life.

Religion, especially the Christian religion, makes one a new person. Perhaps there are people whom you know who are living this kind of life. Their lives glow. They know how to take pain and loss. They know how to take life's little irritations. Their faith in God is joyous.

As a great world religion, Christianity calls for that type of response from us. We must pour ourselves out in worship. We must wash our minds clean and grow in the light of God's fellowship. We must be our best unselfish selves, seeking those paths of service that reveal God's presence to us.

Religion is wholesomeness. It is faith cleansing your life and your community. It is the exchanging of habits of selfishness for the joy of others. It is love for every person we meet because all people are the mysterious creations of God. Religion is calmness in the midst of pain. Religion is a lifetime passion to overcome ugliness.

Religion is a constant purging of oneself through listening in prayer. Religion is a faith in the eternal purposes of God. Religion is a life-and-death loyalty to the love of God and all that God has given us in our lives.

What is your religion?

□

PEOPLE



MARY I. JEFFRIES

First Lady of Community Forums

OUR YOUNG people need to be informed, aware citizens, Mary Jeffries believed back in 1940. So she organized a Sunday-evening discussion group in her church, University Methodist (now Catalina United Methodist) in Tucson, Ariz. The conversations began in the parsonage but proved so popular that two years later they were moved to the sanctuary and opened to the public.

Early audiences of the Sunday Evening Forum numbered from 50 to 100. Soon the sessions outgrew the church building, too. Now they are held in the city's largest auditorium, at the University of Arizona. Audiences sometimes number more than 3,000. The series runs 30 Sundays a year, October to May. Programs include documentary films and travelogues, music, and name speakers like television newsman Harry Reasoner (with Mrs. Jeffries above).

Catalina Church still sponsors the free forum and many patrons of the \$60,000-a-year program are its members.

Although directorship of the forum has become "more than a full-time job," Mrs. Jeffries also works in the League of Women Voters and other community groups, and travels. She has visited Russia three times. □



VICKI WINSTON

Horseshoe Champ

HORSESHOES, symbols of good luck to many, also mean a hobby, national honors, and romance to Vicki Winston.

Vicki was about ten when her father introduced her to horseshoes. Although she "never practiced every day like a person should," Vicki has pitched her way to scores of tournament championships, including eight world titles, the most any woman has won. Her 1969 tournament ringer total still is the women's record. For such feats Vicki was the first woman elected to the National Horseshoe Pitchers Association's Hall of Fame.

One of Vicki's most memorable tournaments was in Murray, Utah, in 1959, where she fell in love with another competitor, Earl Winston. They were married the next year.

The Winstons, who now include two young sons, live on a grain and cattle farm in La Monte, Mo. They attend Blackwater Chapel United Methodist Church, where Earl is church-school superintendent and Vicki also teaches, sings, and plays the piano. □



BILL LUFF

Topnotch Sailor

TWO YEARS and another boat ago, then 15-year-old William G. Luff, Jr., had one of his fondest dreams come true. He won the junior title in the moth boat class in the world's international sailboat-racing championships. The effort also put him seventh overall among the 65 entrants from six countries.

Last year, his first as a senior competitor, Bill placed second in his class in national competition. This year he is sailing a new craft, built to his specifications in Australia. It has been in the water almost constantly since its May 29 arrival in Ocean City, N.J., its new home port. In its inaugural competition in the nationals last July, the boat took Bill to sixth place among 68 entrants.

When not at sea, Bill is active in the United Methodist Church of Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. □



CLAUDIA RAYMOND

Navaho Sewing Whiz

CLAUDIA Jean Raymond's first real exposure to sewing came in her freshman home-economics class at the Navajo United Methodist Mission High School in Farmington, N.Mex. Just four years later, in 1971, Claudia's sewing prowess brought her to San Francisco for finals in the Singer World Stylemaker Contest, which drew some 50,000 entries.

For the contest Claudia sewed up an off-white midi coat and pants with maroon blouse ensemble—her first try at making a pants suit.

As a national finalist, Claudia received a trip to San Francisco for two plus \$800. The cash prize is helping pay expenses at New Mexico State University, where Claudia is a freshman. □

Teens

By DALE WHITE

FOR several years I have been receiving letters similar to this one from young readers:

"I would like to find a pen pal in France to write to. I was wondering if you had any contact with organizations that help you choose a pen pal from anywhere you want.

"I've taken four years of French in school, and I plan to live in France after college so I'd like to have some contact with the language and a friend I could see when I go there."

Young people tell me they have found these agencies helpful in finding friends in other lands:

Letters Abroad, Inc., 18 East 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10022 (for students 15 and older; no service charge).

International Friendship League, 40 Mount Vernon St., Boston, Mass. 02108 (registration fee \$1; descriptive folder on request).

League of Friendship, P.O. Box 509, Mount Vernon, Ohio 43050 (ages 12 to 19; send service charge of 35¢).

Ambassadors for Friendship, 4300 Lennox Dr., Miami, Fla. 33133 (accepts requests from teachers only; ask your teacher to write for information).

People-to-People, 2401 Grand, Kansas City, Mo. 64141 (thousands of applicants matched annually).

Student Letter Exchange, Waseca, Minn. 56093 (claims to be the largest bureau of its kind).

Youth of All Nations, 16 St. Luke's Place, New York, N.Y. 10014 (ages 14-26 included).

When writing for a pen pal, a self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed. Give your name, age, sex, major in school, hobbies, and interests. List three countries which interest you, tell which language you can read and write besides English, and whether you want to write to a boy or girl.



We are two average girls and share the same problem. Actually, it's just something we have been wondering about. We want to know how to tell if we are in love with a boy or not. We are really curious.—T.Y.-C.A.

I noticed! I used to see a lot of guidance material for teen-agers which told how you can be sure love is real. In talking with kids, though, I learned that love follows no blueprints. Each person is unique. Each relationship is unique. Feelings ebb and flow like the themes of a great symphony.

I like to say: If it feels like love, it *is*! I mean that love feelings are real feelings. It isn't right to try to explain them away, or feel ashamed of them, or make fun of them. They are valuable just as they are.

The big questions are: What is the *meaning* of this love? How can I express it appropriately? We love many people in many ways. No doubt you will become very fond of some fellows who will always seem like brothers to you. You'll have lots of fun with them, but dat-

ing just won't seem to fit. You might even fall in love with a teacher or some older man, and be smart enough to know it will always be your secret—no one will ever know, especially *him*!

Some loves will glow hot and burn out fast. Others will last and last. Someday your love may grow into warm companionship, dreams and plans, and finally the merging of two lives in mutual trust.

But you don't need a blueprint. You just need to be *alert*!



I am a girl, 16, and am having problems with my boyfriend. He has told me he doesn't want to go with any girl and yet he is at my house every weekend.

There is always a chaperone when he is there. I mean not in the same room but in the house. We are never really alone because my best girl friend and her boyfriend are always there. We enjoy being a foursome. My parents think he is great and know he comes from a good family.

Just the other day I heard people gossiping about what we do when we are alone. This hurt me very much because I have been

taught to follow a high standard of morals. The girl who started the gossip doesn't even know me well. How can I stop the gossip?—E.T.

I wish people could understand how destructive gossip can be. Maybe they would give up whatever warped enjoyment they get out of it, out of a neighborly concern for those who could be hurt.

I think a quiet, firm confrontation is the best course to take. This girl needs to hear directly from you how much she has hurt you. I'm not sure I would do anything more than that. These things feed on excitement. If you play it cool, everybody will get bored and drift off in search of other juicy tidbits.

Qa

I feel that I need some advice, but I don't really know who to go to so I'm writing to you. My problem is that I don't know how to show my boyfriend that I love him.

B. and I have been going together for about four months, although I have had a crush on him much longer than that, and he knows it. But there is something that comes between my communicating my love to him.

I have grown up in a family where love is more or less a subject that isn't talked about. We're close, but we aren't open about our love. B. and I both want our relationship to be open, but since I haven't learned how to cope with an open kind of love at home, I don't know how to when I'm with him. Is there anything I could read to help me get over this problem?—N.K.

Your cool reserve could be an important personality defense for you right now. We generally allow ourselves to accept about as much intimacy as we believe we can handle at the moment. Fear of too heavy a romantic involvement and the release of powerful feelings no doubt plays a part in inhibiting you. I don't think it wise to try to force yourself to override these barriers. Let growth into warm spontaneity come as it will.

Young people generally demand more emotional openness of themselves than my generation did. Many youth groups are offering skill training in feeling expression as a way to meet this need. We've had a lot of success with sensitivity training, encounter groups, and the

like with young people. Perhaps your minister could help you to organize such programs in your youth fellowship. Competent leadership is essential. Fortunately, more and more ministers are being trained to help others grow in human-relations skills.

Qa

My question is: How can a Christian girl in a wheelchair meet or find a husband? There are all kinds of eligible bachelors around, but none that feels the need to be needed. To my idea, to be needed is one of the greatest gifts from God ever to be put on earth. Yet, some men just don't see that.

I heard a man on television say love to him is when you meet someone you want to make happy more than your own happiness. I felt this was a good definition of love. At least, this is how someone would have to feel for a handicapped person such as I.

Maybe some people would laugh at me for asking such questions or even thinking of marriage. But I need the companionship of a good Christian man and the inspiration he could give me to carry on with my work. I use the talents the Lord has given me to help earn my living.

He would have to be a very understanding man. Do you think I could meet someone?—N.K.

I surely hope so. Such men are out there. I know several families in which the husband or wife is handicapped. In every case they are deeply devoted to each other.

I do not know how to advise you on meeting a possible husband. I am certain it will require your getting out into circulation—to church, to social events, to clubs, hobby groups, or night-school classes. It might help to seek the counsel of a few close friends and relatives. They could work with you in developing a realistic plan for meeting people. A nearby social worker could offer advice on special services or organizations available to handicapped persons.

Qa

I am a girl 16. I've got a brother 18, whom I just adore, and two little brothers who get along very

nicely with me, also. My parents are wonderful. Until about two months ago everything was just great. Here's the problem: Down the road is this small amusement park, with roller skating and dancing and food. It's so small that everyone knows everyone else. In the course of dating two boys from there I became very well acquainted with many people, and that is now my problem. Somehow Mom and Dad have gotten a bad impression of this place, and they don't want me to go there anymore.

Dr. White, how can I convince my parents that these kids are my friends? I don't smoke or drink, or freak out or anything, so why won't they let me be with the kids I like? Please tell me what to do. I'm lost.—J.L.K.

What can I say? I get so many letters from kids who feel their folks are unjust, or life is so unfair. They want to go out with someone whom they know is a beautiful person, but for some reason has a bad reputation or is "out of bounds" for them. They want to join in an activity which is fun and wholesome, but has a bad name in the community. They have a tender relationship with a special person, but the kids start ugly rumors and blow the whole thing for them.

What can you do when something looks lovely from the inside and ugly from the outside? You cannot simply ignore the bad image it has for the important people in your life. You just have to do your level best to explain to them, in language they can understand, how it looks to you. You can ask others to help you to interpret.

If you can't get the message across, you have to make an agonizing decision. You can't have everything so you have to weigh values and decide what to give up. In my experience, high-school kids are on a very shaky ground when they fly in the face of strong parental opposition. It seldom works out the way they want it to. Sorry!

Teens—and parents, too—are invited to write Dr. Dale White their questions about teen problems, family life, and other matters care of Together, 1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Beginning in next month's issue, Dr. White will be one of several United Methodist leaders who will respond to readers' questions in a new Together feature called You Asked —Your Editors



Preministerial student Stanley Fix has had many SA-YES jobs—from painting houses to running errands for shut-ins. “I’ve had this yard job for about two years,” the 21-year-old says. “It works out the best—pays well, is close to home, and the owner is very accommodating. I work for her four hours a week.”



Cathy Luirette, 15, also has had a variety of odd jobs, including yard work, baby-sitting, and housecleaning. “Lots of times I need money for different things such as in my first year in high school,” Cathy explains. “It’s easy to get jobs this way—through SA-YES—when I need the money.”



Roger Saldivar, 19, went to SA-YES because he “heard they’d help you if you really needed a job.” After he filled out an application and was interviewed, Roger was told of several jobs. He got one as a department-store stock boy. After a stint in toys, he moved to the camera department and now is its assistant manager.

Youth Say ‘Yes’ to SA-YES Jobs

Text by Martha A. Lane / Pictures by George P. Miller



Annette Campos, 17, does collating and other tasks at a bindery. "The first day I went in SA-YES gave me a job in a lithograph office for a week," Annette says. "Then they called me back about a month later and told me about this job." Her earnings come in handy at Santa Ana College, where she is a freshman.



Friends told Ken Frawley, 20, about the church-run youth employment service. Four days after he applied, he was hired by a fabric company to make custom-woven wood draperies. "I looked for a long time on my own, trying to find a job—and nothing," recalls Ken, a college junior.



Jay Higgins, 17, at a rental-equipment center since last October, first learned about SA-YES at the Grand Avenue Church, which sponsors the service. "It's giving me experience," Jay says, "in learning what happens to money after I've earned it—that's the biggest thing I've learned."

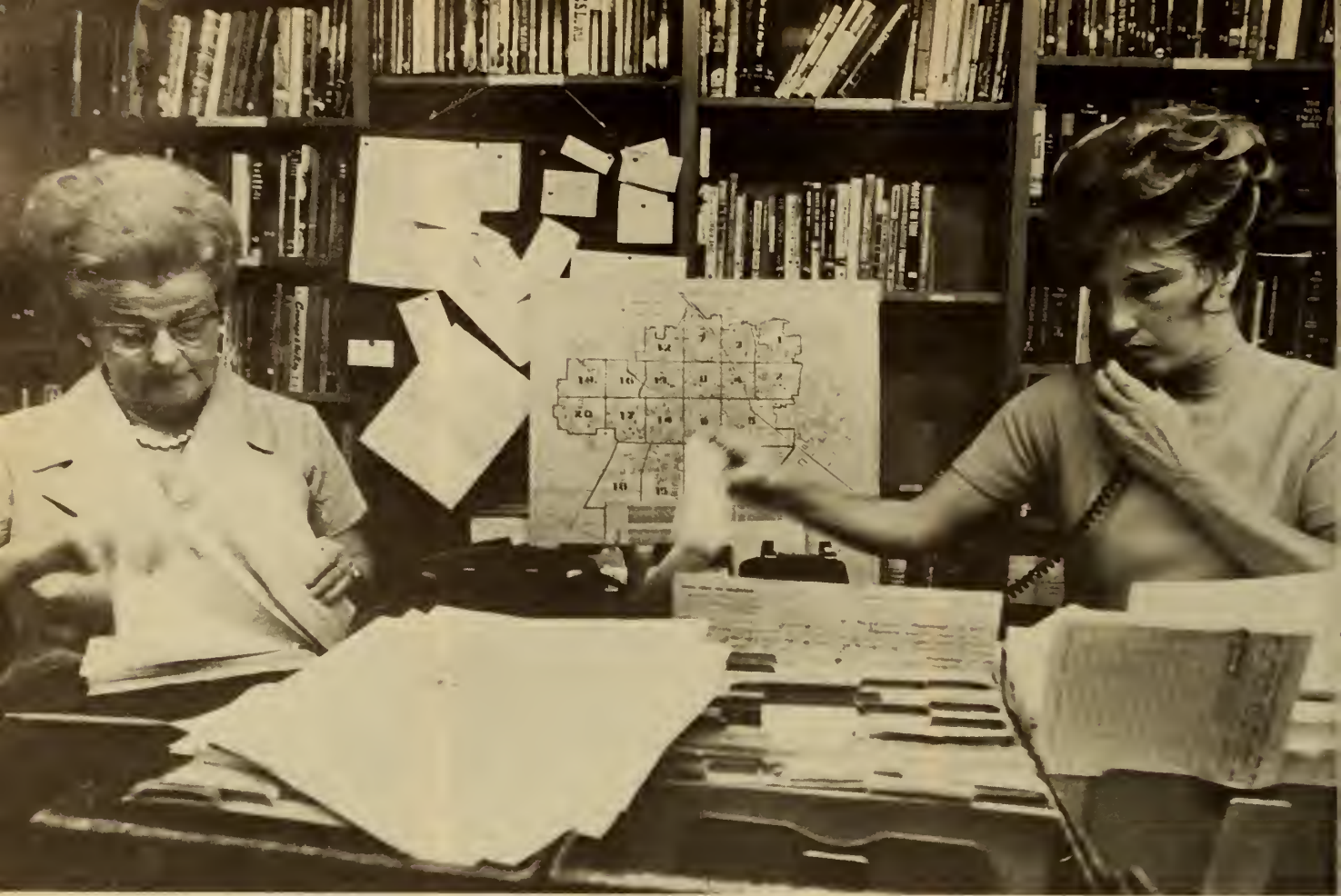
WITH THE new state law that says kids are adults and financially independent at 18, you'd be surprised at the number of parents who just throw their kids out, who just say, 'You're on your own.' They come in here desperate!"

Mrs. Bruce Smiley was describing not the plight of low-income youngsters but the problems many teenagers now face in the Los Angeles suburb of Santa Ana, her own middle-income community.

"In here" is the Santa Ana Youth Employment Service (SA-YES), set up by the Grand Avenue United Methodist Church in May, 1969. Since then the no-fee service has found more than 4,000 full-time, part-time, or odd jobs for some 3,000 youth 14 years old and up.

"Originally the idea was that there was a great need for the middle-class youngster who couldn't go to federal programs for help," continued Mrs. Smiley, first director of SA-YES. "They just had no way to get that first job. But we also help many minority young people, particularly Mexican-Americans."

Mrs. O. Wilbur Fix, wife of the Grand Avenue Church pastor, first thought up the youth-employment idea. The church board unanimously approved it and offered the church library for office space. Since then, the women's society and church-school classes as well as community service organizations and individuals have backed the project with funds and volunteer services. In the beginning, some money also came from the Southern Cali-



The volunteer-staffed SA-YES office is open five days a week. School-year hours are 1 to 5 p.m. and summer hours 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Mrs. Bruce Smiley (left), a church member with previous experience in youth-employment work, was the first SA-YES director. Mrs. Ben Turpin (right), director since January, 1970, says 3,000 job seekers have been helped.

fornia-Arizona Conference Fund for Reconciliation.

Besides furnishing office space this year, the church also budgeted \$600 toward SA-YES expenses. The phone bill runs about \$50 a month and the director, who is paid for only a portion of her work, gets \$150 a month. Other expenses are brochures and office supplies.

Here is how SA-YES operates: The city of Santa Ana is divided into sections. When a young job-seeker comes in, a volunteer interviews him, listing his name, address, age, what he would like to do, why he wants a job, and his past employment experience, if any. The volunteer then explains what jobs are available in the applicant's section of town, and the young person contacts the prospective employer for more details. The volunteer, meanwhile, calls the employer and advises him to expect a call. Later, after a youth is hired, volunteers will check with the employer about the young person's work, and record the employer's comments for future reference. Whenever possible, young people are helped with any problems indicated.

No one knows just how many jobs SA-YES is responsible for, says Shirley Turpin, current director. "I placed one boy to do yard work in a mobile-home park," Mrs. Turpin illustrates. "Later I wanted to give him another small job. He told me, 'Put me on the inactive list. I've got 19 jobs from that first one you gave me.'"

SA-YES jobs have included counter and check-out work, taking inventory, baby-sitting, ironing, and service-

station positions. One fellow drove a camper to Oregon; two others dressed as bunnies to promote a furniture store's Easter sale. One young man gave swimming lessons to blind children, another taught guitar. A girl took a tired mother's four children to Disneyland.

But there are some jobs that not even hard-up young people want, SA-YES has found. Door-to-door sales and telephone soliciting are generally unpopular. And no one wanted to train as an apprentice embalmer.

While some job-seekers attend Grand Avenue Church, most do not. Volunteers do ask what church the young people attend and hand out information about Grand Avenue. But no one is pressured to attend the sponsoring church.

Community residents see the youth-employment service as helping young people with too much free time on their hands. SA-YES also is a deterrent to crime, says church board member Skip Spilman, who has been an Orange County probation officer for 22 years. "When we meet kids' economic needs, they have less inclination to reach out and take someone else's things."

Occasionally employers voice dissatisfaction with their young employees' work. But more often their feelings are like those of the woman who hired four fellows to care for her sizable property. "A special thank-you for such fine, industrious youths," she wrote. "I couldn't have been any more proud of them had they been my own." □

Your Faith

Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas welcomes questions on matters of faith. Send yours c/o *Together*, 1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Starting next month his answers will appear as part of a new feature, *You Asked . . .*



Is every person saved in the end?

✦ Na. Indeed, if everything is going to be set right in the end, why do anything good in the beginning? There is a type of theology that pictures God as a kindly being who does not want anyone to suffer too much so he simply wipes the slate clean "in the end," no matter how evil a person has been.

However, if salvation means a growing relationship with God and other human beings, then no one is saved by magic. The perfect love of God is available to all persons, but they must choose to respond to it. Once the growth process is begun and continues, we do not have to worry about what finally happens.

Does John 17:20-21 mean a giant organization church?

✦ First, let us get a clear idea of the text. Jesus is at prayer. He prays that his disciples (John 17:9) not be taken out of the world but strengthened by God to live in the world. Jesus is also praying "that they may all be one." There is no mention of the church as an organization but this is no comfort for those against church union. There is no mention of

great crowds of people but this does not mean that our Lord wants only two or three to follow him. Nowhere in the New Testament is smallness glorified nor greatness exalted. Jesus prayed "that they may all be one." The reason is given repeatedly: "that the world may believe that thou hast sent me" (verses 21 and 23).

Why can't laymen baptize people?

✦ This depends on how organized and serious we are willing to be in our ministerial standards. Baptism is a rite which initiates a person into a community of Christ's people. It is an outward sign of serious thought and intention. It implies responsibility to an identifiable community of people who will

help nurture the baptized in the faith.

Therefore, when one is baptized by a layman who does not guide him into a community of faithful people, he may be cutting off his response to God—a response which can only be fulfilled in community. This is why ordained ministers are given baptismal duties.

Does the Bible teach that Judas sinned in betraying Christ?

✦ Sin is missing the perfect relationship all persons should have with God. It is usurping the place of God. It is denying our creaturehood by stamping out the image of God in ourselves and in others. Sin is not just an act; it is the condition

of the mind and spirit that gives birth to the act. Thus the New Testament does reveal the sin of Judas. It also points out that all of us stand in need of wholeness in our relationship with God.

Letters

SECOND 'TIRED METHODIST' RESPONDS TO THE FIRST

I have just read the letter, *A 'Tired Methodist' Speaks His Mind* [July, page 46].

I, too, am a tired Methodist. Tired of paying taxes to support a giant unnecessary military machine. Maybe I don't understand the situation, but to me killing is killing whether the victim is a U.S. senator, or a black woman in Milwaukee, or a yellow man in the Far East, or innocent civilians being killed by our bombs.

Why do we have to have thousands of our young men in the military learning to do just one thing—to kill our brothers?

Jesus commanded us to love God above all things and love our neighbors as ourselves. Who is our neighbor? The black man who lives in shantytown across the track? The illegitimate child? The woman on ADC? The poor in lesser-developed countries?

If we really practiced loving our neighbor, there would be no problems with other nations, no problems with racism, no problems with communism.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer said that a person cannot be a nationalist and a Christian at the same time. Are we affluent Americans too busy protecting our property and wealth to really be Christians?

OTTO HOLZMAN
Rhineland, Wis.

POLL WOULD SHOW MANY TIRED AND CONFUSED

How very well Mr. Wildrick stated the feeling of thousands of "tired Methodists."

Most of us feel the members have

been cast out by church leaders in favor of the World Council of Churches and other far-out communist-influenced organizations. Why can't the church get back to being a church and "render unto God the things that are God's"?

An honest poll of the membership concerning the Atlanta General Conference might be most enlightening. I think the true voice of the church would show that there are thousands of us tired and confused Methodists.

J. FORREST COLLINS
Houston, Texas

HOW MANY THANKED GOD FOR FREEDOM OF WORSHIP?

In regard to Albert M. Wildrick's letter, *A 'Tired Methodist' Speaks His Mind*, here are two more tired Methodists. We wonder how many of our clergymen even mentioned our freedom of worship or thanked God for it in their sermons or prayers on July 2. Yet, they and the church have the most to lose should Communism ever take over our country!

MR. and MRS. W. B. CHAMBARD
Minnetonka, Minn.

HE'S TIRED, TOO—FOR OTHER REASONS

May I answer Albert Wildrick, the "tired Methodist"?

I, too, am tired, not a tired Methodist but a tired Christian.

I'm tired of people complaining about able-bodied people refusing to work. I'm tired of people complaining about supporting illegitimate children.

I'm tired of paying taxes for welfare for the farmers, the airlines, the shipping interests. The list of companies and individuals who are receiving various kinds of "welfare" would be too long for a letter to the editor.

Mostly I'm tired of people who can come up with an endless list of things to complain about but never have one logical solution or alternative.

I can't solve any of these problems by myself. Maybe my small contribution in concert with others won't solve them either. I have one consolation. Each night when I talk things over with my God, he tells me he knows and he cares. When, and only when, enough of us take this approach, will these problems really be solved.

PETE SIMPSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW TESTAMENT, TOO, HAS ITS 'SLANG' FORMS

The July issue contains two letters which are highly critical of the slang form of the Lord's Prayer which appeared in the May issue. It would be hard to imagine Jesus agreeing with them.

Jesus was constantly critical of the status quo, of stilted religious language and practices. It was that nonconformist attitude and action (and no doubt language) that kept him in trouble with the religious old guard.

As I "read" him, he was constantly trying to find new ways of reaching and appealing to all sorts of people. Scholars appear to indicate his frequent use of slang forms of speech—to make a point. Much of the New Testament itself was first written in Koine Greek, the "slang" form of the language, apparently as a way of appealing to the common man. "Gutter language?" Well, let the reader judge!

As for the so-called Lord's Prayer, Jesus does not seem to have given it as a prayer but as more of an outline of the sort of things to be included when one did pray. It was a response to a question from the disciples for guidance in making prayers. He does not seem to be telling his hearers to use these specific words, not to memorize these phrases, and then crank them out without much thought time after time.

A major problem for the church today is that the ancient forms of speech just don't cut much ice with many people—young and not-so-young. If some new form, be it words or actions, catches their notice and leads them to investigate the original, then we have a useful procedure.

HAROLD A. CLARK, Pastor
Sherburn-Welcome-Emmanuel
United Methodist Parish
Sherburn, Minn.

'SURELY GOD CAN DIG A LITTLE SLANG'

I am writing in response to Iva Jane Frohwein's letter in the July issue [page 46] about using slang in the Lord's Prayer and in prayer in general.

I am 15 years old and strongly uphold the church and all it stands for. Last year the things I had always believed were radically changed for the good. I started really praying and reading the Bible. I cut out swearing and dirty

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TOGETHER

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jokes, but I still use slang. I believe that if God can understand prayers in Latin, French, and Chinese, surely he can dig a little slang. Besides, a person doesn't need proper English to thank God for protecting people who have been in an accident or to ask him for guidance through a rough spot.

God knows all about you, every little thing, so why put up a formal facade when praying? That is the time to really let it all hang out.

REBECCA ICE
Springfield, Va.

DON'T JUDGE ALL TEENS BY MINORITY IN THE NEWS

I read the Teens section of your magazine regularly and like it very much. I liked the rewrite of the Lord's Prayer in your May issue, and I was surprised and disappointed to read the comments on it in your July issue.

I agree that the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. It has been translated into many different languages for people all over the world. I believe that the prayer was given by Jesus as an example for all people, including the "somewhat less than scholarly youth." I see nothing wrong with changing the words of the Lord's Prayer into a language that is understood by teen-agers.

Contrary to the belief of Mr. Marvin B. Sterling, writer of one July letter, not all teen-agers who use that language are "unwashed, improvident, VD-infected dope addicts." I have many friends who use what Mr. Sterling calls "gutter language" every day, and they are decent, church-going young men and women.

What gives Mr. Sterling the right to judge all the teen-agers in this country by the minority which the news media emphasize so heavily?

KAY SHIREY
Crestview, Fla.

STATUE SUPPLY EXHAUSTED; MORE NOW AVAILABLE

In your October issue last year you displayed a picture of the disarmament statue by Evgeniy Vuchetich which stands in the North Garden at United Nations headquarters in New York. [See 'They Shall Beat Their Swords Into Plowshares . . .' second cover, October, 1971.] In a later issue you printed a letter from me indicating that I had obtained replicas of this statue, 10 inches



"Somebody wants to know if we're the parents of the red-headed boy who brought his snake to church school."

high, and would be happy to sell them to readers of *Together*.

It is my pleasure to tell you that many readers responded. As a matter of fact, all our statues were sold, and I have just received a shipment of another 200 from Leningrad. Since the solid bronze statues were more popular than the bronze-plated ones, the new order is entirely of solid bronze and the price is now \$50.

CARL SOULE
United Methodist Office
for the United Nations
777 United Nations Plaza
New York, N.Y. 10017

SPIRITS WARMED BY FRIENDLY CHURCH

I want to tell you about a truly warm-spirited church which my husband and I were privileged to visit a few weeks ago. Our experience was quite the opposite of that described by Donald N. Bastian in *How Warm Is the Spirit?* [July, page 6].

Before entering the building we were smiled at and given a cheery hello by fellow worshipers. Inside the narthex we were met by about four or five greeters who made us feel comfortable. One greeter in particular I shall never forget. He was a rather common looking person whom I later recognized in the pulpit as the pastor. This surprised me because in our experience the pastor is rarely seen until he appears in the pulpit.

Inside the sanctuary we were spoken to by young and old who were sitting in pews near us.

Not for one minute did my husband or I feel we were strangers to these people.

The service, while formal, was permeated with the Holy Spirit. Never have I heard a more personal purposeful prayer, and one's mind certainly did not wander throughout either the prayer or the sermon. We came out of the service with the feeling we had been in the presence of God and had received his richest blessing.

MRS. LLOYD STOOKEY
Belleville, Ill.

FOR THE COLD CHURCH A REMEDY IS AVAILABLE

We all have had experiences like the one Donald N. Bastian tells about in *How Warm Is the Spirit?* It reminded me of this factual story:

A small-town church was changing pastors following annual conference, and the wife of the out-going minister remarked to the wife of the new pastor that for the first two weeks she and her husband had been in the parish no one in the congregation had spoken to her after church. The new minister's wife replied, "They'll speak to me even if I have to stick out my foot and trip them."

In three years the church's cold attitude was changed to one of warmth, and it remains that way 15 years and three changes of ministers later.

Unless his church is too big, it should not be hard for Mr. Bastian to find the answer to his closing question and then take steps to remedy it.

WARREN P. WALDO, Ret. Minister
North Ferrisburg, Vt.

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Man in the Middle Of the Ratings Game

By James M. Wall



Since November 1, 1968, the motion picture industry has attempted to stave off local censorship by rating films according to its opinion of their suitability or unsuitability for children's viewing.

The original classifications were G (for general audiences), M (for mature audiences), R (children under 17 not admitted unless accompanied by a parent or adult guardian), and X (nobody under 17 admitted). Since then, the M rating has been changed twice—first to GP (parental guidance suggested) and then to PG (parental guidance suggested, film contains material that may not be suitable for preteen-agers).

Many critics feel this classification system is less than perfect. Some of their objections to the system are discussed here by the man who heads it, Dr. Aaron Stern.

IN THE SPRING of 1971, the motion-picture rating system tottered on the brink of extinction. Or, if that sounds too much like a Hollywood press agent, you might say the system was undergoing a crisis of confidence.

No one, it seems, thought the system was working. Both the National Council of Churches' broadcasting and film department and the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures withdrew their earlier endorsements. Critics detailed the agony of a self-regulatory system that appeared to yield too much ground to pressures from production companies whose profits could rise or fall on the ratings their pictures received.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, one of the most prestigious companies, threatened to quit the system if *Ryan's Daughter* got branded with an *R*. When it wasn't, critics immediately assumed MGM had dictated its own rating terms.

That was a little over a year ago. Today, rating prospects are brighter, though still far from perfect. The reason: a new director. He is 46-year-old psychiatrist Aaron Stern, father of five and an articulate defender of the principle of freedom of choice as the backbone of democracy.

Dr. Stern inherited the staggering rating system in 1971, fully aware that without church support and with internal industry pressure he faced a massive rebuilding task. His first assignment was to convince the public that he could dispense ratings without regard for the economy of an individual motion picture company. His second task was to clarify and strengthen the *GP* rating, which was the category that had received heaviest criticism from the church agencies.

These twin problems were related. Companies wanted the *GP* rating because films in that category were still open to all viewers though a parental discretion warning opened the way for inclusion of some adult material that would stimulate the box office. Contrary to popular belief, the adult categories of *R* (restricted to all over 17 unless accompanied by parents) and *X* (no one under 18 allowed) are not sought by film producers. The reason lies in exhibition. Many theaters, catering to family or dating trade, do not like to play *R* or *X* films. Too many of these films hurt such a theater's image and also keep out the younger teen-agers who comprise a large part of the theater-going public.

Preference for the *GP* category reached a loud and public peak in MGM's successful appeal to shift *Ryan's Daughter* from *R* to *GP*. Church critics, especially, were insistent that the original *R* rating was proper because the film dwells on unrequited passion, using considerable symbolism and including a few quick anatomical glimpses. They charged that the change had been prompted almost exclusively by the fact that MGM was in a financial slump and needed maximum profits from the picture. Dr. Stern was aware of this criticism, and while he does not indicate whether he feels the change on *Ryan's Daughter* was justified, he took that particular case as a basis for opening the rating system to public scrutiny and for overhauling the *GP* category.

Although previous rating directors were quote-shy, I talked to Dr. Stern in New York recently, on one of his

frequent trips from Hollywood, and asked if I might quote him directly on his methods, hopes, and experiences. He quickly agreed, saying he felt the system's greatest present weakness is the lack of public knowledge of its purposes.

"My involvement in the creation of a new category to replace *GP* was my first major contribution to the system," he said. "The old *GP* rating was inadequate because it attempted to comment on a film which would affect the age group from 6 to 16. There is no qualitative difference more dramatic than that between pre and post-puberty. To put these groups in the same category is unrealistic. You penalize the older kids by making the films too simple, and you overwhelm the younger kids by being too sophisticated."

The solution was a new category to be termed *PG* (parental guidance suggested). To this admonition was added the important phrase "may contain material not suitable for preteen children." In effect, this admonition has created a category for teen-agers from 12 to 16 because it clearly informs parents that a film with a *PG* rating is probably not suitable for youngsters not yet in their teens. In a pluralistic nation, of course, suitability will vary with families and with parental points of view. I asked Dr. Stern what a parent should assume when he sees a film advertised as *PG*.

"He has to assume literally what it says: This film may not be suitable for preteen-agers. This means that you can be pretty safe in permitting your teen-agers to see it, if you have no objection to your youngsters being exposed to ideas. If you are more conservative, then you may not think the film is suitable for your teen-agers because it is open to all ideas and themes."

The *PG* category illustrates what Dr. Stern considers is the anchor of the motion-picture rating system: parental guidance. "Parents should research a *PG* film. That rating should not be considered as a blanket permission for all youngsters. Parents should look to critics, or to church information sources, to determine if the adult nature of the particular film is one that they want their younger teen-agers to consider," he emphasizes. Of course, if the film is *PG*, Dr. Stern assumes that preteen-agers would be faced with material that is simply not suitable for them.

"The important thing for parents to remember," Dr. Stern says, "is that we are not endorsing films, we are giving information about each film. Endorsement or moral judgment, as well as judging quality, is the task of church leaders and critics. If someone thinks the film *The Godfather* is immoral, for example, then he should say so. But in our rating, we make no such judgment. We are rating as to suitability for children. We are not making endorsements about what children should see. We are trying to reflect back to society something of what is on the screen in terms of the various value systems we find operating throughout the country."

Three areas are involved in determining whether or not a film falls in the *PG* or *R* category. These are sex, violence, and language. Not everyone agrees on which of these is the most important. Dr. Stern relates that in his own personal travels, he has found that urban-area parents are more concerned about scenes of violence,

while rural and small-town parents object to more explicitly sexual material. In his effort to reflect back to society what he detects is the concern of most of the citizens, Dr. Stern is balancing taste and law.

As recently as 1968, a Dallas, Texas, court ruled that local communities had the right to censor films before they could be shown to children. It was this court decision that actually brought the present rating system into existence, forcing the film industry—in an effort to head off local censorship—to inform the public as to a film's suitability for children. Dr. Stern's rating system shifts films from the *PG* to the *R* category when he feels that the visual material has become too explicit for children and has therefore run afoul of the kind of obscenity laws that local communities write to protect children from adult material.

"There will be no significant nudity in a *PG* film," he points out. "A director may convey the concept of nudity by suggesting that individuals are unclothed, but he must not show explicitly those areas which the public taste determines to be private. If he does, then that film is placed in the *R* category. I am not making a value judgment as to whether nudity is good or bad for children. I am complying with a social mood, determined by the laws that are on the books in the various states. These laws represent, theoretically at least, the judgment of the people in these states."

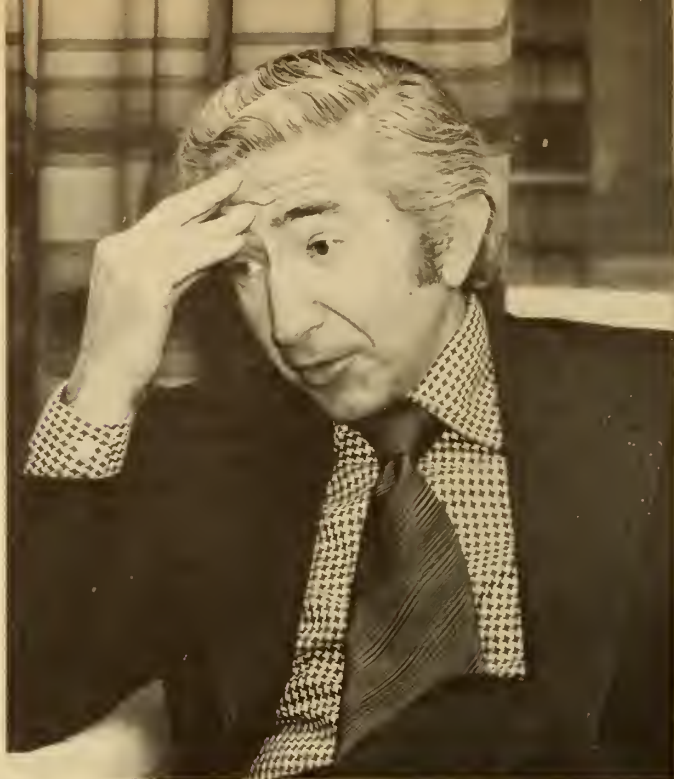
LANGUAGE that is considered vulgar will take a film from the *G* category to *PG* so long as the language is used in context and is of the more traditional swearing nature. But there are words, most of which are associated with sexual acts or parts, which are still not considered in good taste. If any of these words are included in a film, it forces that film into the *R* category.

The four-letter word for intercourse was included in a recent film, *Fillmore*, as a slang expression. The film is a documentary about a rock-music promoter, and the word's use was entirely unrelated to sex. But Dr. Stern took the firm position that the word itself was still unacceptable to the public in the presence of children, and it therefore put *Fillmore* into the *R* rather than the *PG* category. This decision, by the way, was appealed to the industry's appeals board and Dr. Stern was upheld by a narrow margin.

Film critics greeted this decision with considerable hostility because to them the use of the word appears harmless. But Dr. Stern argues quietly that he has no choice but to block the use of that term from *PG* films.

"If I let that word into the *PG* category for one film, then I will be unable to tell another director that he cannot use that same word in his film. You cannot discriminate with value judgments in a rating system. A film of superb communicative value must be judged by the same objective criteria as the cheapest exploitation film. Not to do this is to violate the antitrust laws in our society for the producer of the cheaper film can say that the judgment against his picture restricts his opportunity for profit on terms so subjective that he would not possibly know how to make his film to meet the terms."

Dr. Stern has avoided this kind of objection by devel-



oping explicit guidelines so that producers know what to expect from him. A film maker is aware that if nudity becomes explicit, if language is too vulgar, if violence becomes excessive, the film cannot play as a *PG*.

But aren't these judgments too vague?

"I know they are difficult," says Dr. Stern. "But producers know what we mean. Nudity means private areas. Excessive language involves the use of terms that are related to sexual action. And violence is permitted in *PG* only if it avoids sadism. By sadistic violence we are speaking of the expression of pleasure, the enjoyment of inflicting pain on others. If violence is used to further the story, or solve a dramatic situation, then it may play as *PG* (but not as a *G*). But if the blood is excessive, or if those new techniques are used which show flesh breaking apart, then we are getting into the area of violence that does more than move the story. It becomes violence for its own sake. This puts it into the *R* category."

These specific guidelines have eased the pressure from producers because they have discovered that they can get the rating they desire by avoiding the kinds of explicit Dr. Stern does not include in his *PG* limits.

The purpose of the rating system is to provide information to parents. The film industry initially established the rating system to keep the film medium free of censoring at local levels. Dr. Stern feels "we must avoid any formal censor bodies because if we allow censors to intrude on movies, then they will soon intrude on other media."

Dr. Stern is obviously a great believer in the right of parents to make choices for their own children. He is

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

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Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

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And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

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FUND, Inc.** Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261



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☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month.
 I enclose my first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name,
 story, address and picture.
 I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

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also a strong defender of the right of teen-agers to have the freedom to contemplate all ideas so long as these are not dispensed in a manner offensive to public taste and do not violate any obscenity laws for children. I asked him for some specific examples.

"The new PG category made it possible for us to put a film like *To Find a Man* in a teen-ager's category. This picture dealt with abortion, a concept that should be open to discussion by post-puberty youngsters. *Cabaret* deals with bisexuality and *Hospital* with impotence, but both of these films avoid explicit. Both *The Godfather* and *Portnoy's Complaint* contain language that is simply too heavy for the PG category. But it is not the ideas in these two films that moved them into R."

Public acceptance of the rating system remains a crucial factor in Dr. Stern's program. Without the industry's own self-regulatory system, there is real danger that local censor boards may spring up to block some films, including those that have merit as well as those that are obviously exploitative. A better solution does seem to be a labeling system from the industry coupled with a careful evaluation system available through the church agencies. In this way, parents could know which films the industry believes would be suitable for their children, and from the church's evaluations they could obtain some guidance as to the film's moral and ethical level.

Are parents willing to assume this responsibility? This is uncertain. One disturbing clue is the circulation history of the National Council of Churches' *Film Information*, a monthly publication that supplements Dr. Stern's ratings with comments oriented toward church audiences. There are 40 million Protestants in this country, but *Film Information* has only 2,500 subscribers. (It costs \$6 a year and its address is Box 500, Manhattanville Station, New York, N.Y. 10027.) If only 2,500 subscribers are interested in it, does the public prefer censorship?

Dr. Stern does not believe it does, which is why he continues to rate films. He wants parents to be informed, even if they resist the information. □

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Sept. 14 and 15, 9-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Around the World in 80 Days*.

Sept. 16, 1:30 p.m., EDT on CBS—Children's Film Festival presents part 2 *Stowaway in the Sky*.

Sept. 19, 10-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—NBC Reports presents *Guilty by Reason of Race*. This is the only prime-time news show this fall.

Oct. 3, 9-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—*First Tuesday*.

Oct. 24, 10-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—A Lucy Jorvis Special on health care.

Also beginning in September CBS will offer courses on 20th-century American art, and low and morality.

BOOKS

UNIVERSITY of Chicago professor Martin E. Marty is one of Protestantism's leading spokesmen, and surely he is one of its most prolific writers. An associate editor of *The Christian Century* and the author-editor of a newsletter, *Context*, he has written, edited, coedited, or contributed to more than 75 books. *Righteous Empire: The Protestant Experience in America* brought him a 1972 National Book Award.

Now he is the author of *Protestantism* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$8.95), the latest volume in that publisher's *History of Religion* series.

This is not a book for beginners, and it won't help you if you want a chronological, factual history. Rather, it isolates, defines, and describes Protestantism, considers the whole of life in a Protestant culture, and looks at what has happened when Protestantism has tried to expand into other cultures. Admitting how divided the mind of Protestantism is today, and how provincial Protestantism has become, it emphasizes the uniqueness of its "Protestant principle of prophetic protest."

People of Asia and people of the West don't look at things in the same way, and if the United States had understood this fully, the tragedy of Viet Nam might have been averted.

As Austin Coates explains it in *China, India and the Ruins of Washington* (John Day, \$10), the traditional Asian view of a treaty is that it is to be displayed and treasured but never, never carried out to the letter. Thus, he says, if the United States had made impressive sounds of power but had not sent in troops and money, South and North Viet Nam would have reconciled their differences long ago, and with a minimum of blood.

Perhaps Mr. Coates is right. Years of administering Chinese law as a magistrate in Hong Kong courts, long residence in India, and official posts in Sarawak, Kuala Lumpur, and Penang have given this Englishman a peculiarly acute understanding of the real Asia. *China, India and the Ruins of Washington* is an extremely significant book, and one that all Westerners, and certainly every businessman who intends to trade with China, should read.

Mention healing brought about by faith to many a devout Christian and suddenly the conversation will get uncomfortable. This is a subject that is deeply disturbing to a lot of extremely well-educated people. Yet how many of us have not said desperate prayers in a hospital chapel or at the bedside of someone dear to us, and who of us has not prayed that our own illness or trouble might pass from us?

Perhaps it is our Protestant embarrassment over praying in public, except in the familiar phrases of the Lord's Prayer, that makes us feel that praying publicly for healing is an impertinence to God and anyone serving as an intercessor is possibly a charlatan.

The flamboyance and excessive claims of some "faith healers" do bolster this belief. Yet there are

other intercessors who believe that medicine and prayer together are immeasurably stronger than medicine alone. They have discovered that the sureness of their own faith can strengthen the faith of someone praying for recovery. And they know, too, the hard demands of believing so strongly and the risk of losing the hope that accompanies faith.

Such an intercessor is Emily Gardiner Neol, who has led weekly interdenominational healing services at an Episcopal church in Pittsburgh, Pa., since 1966. In *The Healing Power of Christ* (Hawthorn, \$4.95) she writes of physical, spiritual, and mental healing, and of her own physical suffering even as she was involved in the healing of other people. She also goes deeper to discuss the biblical authority for healing, the power of God in our lives, and what it means to be a Christian. Her book should help clear up misconceptions.

The inspiration for the blind hero of the play and film *Butterflies Are Free* is Harold Krents, almost completely blind from birth and totally so by the time he was eight.

Harold was a tough little guy who loved to play football even if he couldn't see which direction the goal was, and at the age of nine he decided that he was going to make it in the sighted world no matter how impossible it was. An equally determined and resourceful family accepted this decision and has backed him in it ever since.

He became president of the student body of Scorsdale High School, a *cum laude* graduate of Harvard College, a graduate of Harvard Law

School, and a member of the bar in New York. He has written the words and music for numerous songs, is happily married to a sighted girl, and currently is at Oxford on a special scholarship.

To *Race the Wind* (Putnam, \$6.95) is his autobiography, by turns touching, inspiring, and funny. It's one of the most enjoyable books I have read in many months.

During Eleanor Roosevelt's 17 years after her husband's death people who persisted in seeing Franklin D. Roosevelt in political terms came to recognize his widow as above and beyond partisanship. As a delegate to the United Nations, and as a woman who never failed to respond positively to human needs, she was, genuinely, a citizen of the world, and we can only hope that someday we may see her like again.

Joseph P. Lash has followed his highly successful biography of the Roosevelts' marriage, *Eleanor and Franklin* (Norton, \$12.50) with *Eleanor: The Years Alone* (Norton, \$9.95). This is a full-dimensional portrait of her as political force, staunch advocate of human justice, mother and grandmother, close friend, and triumphant human being.

"Whatever else the Bible has to say, it makes it quite plain from the outset that life will have neither meaning nor purpose unless we begin with God. The first four words of the story the Bible tells are not 'Once upon a time,' but 'In the beginning God,'" says William Neil.

This Scottish clergyman sees the Bible as a book about life—an exciting history of mankind with a plot that runs from Genesis through Revelation. He traces the narrative in *The Bible Story* (Abingdon, \$6.95). Although he writes with great simplicity, this is not exclusively a young people's book, and it isn't exclusively a storybook, either. The insights in it are both lively and illuminating.

"Middle America," buffeted, frustrated, insecure, but determined to shape life as it wants it to be, is a new political majority in contemporary American life, say Lowell D. Streiker and Gerald S. Strober, co-authors of *Religion and the New Majority* (Association Press, \$5.95).

They go on to point out that Middle Americans form the heartland of what has been described as the civil religion of America, an implicit faith in "the American way of life." The coalescing of this civil religion with a revitalized fundamentalism is providing the foundation of a vital new center in American life, they believe. They expect it to have a profound effect on the political decisions Americans will make.

Viewing the major church denominations against this backdrop, they recommend that if these churches become "less involved with social posturing" and more interested in "the inculcation of spiritual and moral values," they can stop their present decline.

It will be interesting to see if the election in November verifies their political theory.

The ninth, and last, of John Gunther's best-selling "inside" books takes you around Australia and New Zealand at a breakneck pace. I found *Inside Australia* (Harper & Row, \$10) totally absorbing.

Actually, John Gunther himself collected a vast



Modern Protestant prophet Martin Marty. We may see an end to the Protestant era—or it may show new life by the end of the century, he says in *Protestantism*.



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

When we called on the young pastor he was obviously pleased and a bit nervous.

"Please sit down," he said hospitably. "Make yourselves at home, make yourselves at home! I'm at home and wish every one of you were."

—Mrs. William Witter, Milan, Ill.

After the teacher read the story of the prodigal son to her eight-year-olds, someone asked, "What does it mean to 'waste your substance on riotous living'?"

Another boy immediately knew: "It means to spend all your money on bubble gum."

—Mrs. Robert E. Rich, Athol, Mass.

Our women's group had just heard a splendid program by singers from a home for the aged. Nodding toward the sea of white curly heads in the choir, I said, "I'd like to thank all the ladies in this choir," then dismissed the meeting.

As I helped the singers off the stage afterward, I noticed with shock that one of them was a man. His eyes sparked with laughter as he told me, "If you see a wig up there, it's mine."

—Mrs. Gay Collins, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Madison Avenue certainly has made its impression on our children.

"Jesus loves me this I know," the nursery-department child was singing, "for the label tells me so."

—Mrs. D. M. Hodges, Andalusia, Pa.

Don't just laugh at the next church-related chuckle you hear. Jot it down on a postcard and send it to Together. If we use it, you'll be \$5 richer. But no stamps please; we can't return those not accepted. —Your Editors

amount of material on those fascinating countries Down Under and traveled through them with his wife, Jane, in 1969. But before he could complete the manuscript, he died suddenly of cancer he had not even known he had. The job of completing the book around the portions he had written fell to William H. Forbis, a veteran editor and correspondent for *Time* magazine. He has done a splendid job.

John Gunther's *Inside U.S.A.*, written a quarter of a century ago, was the model for political writer Neal R. Peirce's report on the United States today. But where the Gunther report was in one volume, Mr. Peirce's will fill nine before it is finished. I guess that says something about the increasing complexity of our society.

Currently, we have *The Mountain States of America* and *The Pacific States of America* (Norton, each \$9.95). These lack the sparkle of the Gunther style, but they are readable and vastly informative.

A preceding volume dealt with what Mr. Peirce termed "the megastates of America." Subsequent volumes will deal with the rest of the country.

"Yesterday at 2:32 a woman, the Virgin Mary, was in the kitchen washing dishes and an angel appeared and said she was going to have a son and call him Jesus." . . .

"Jesus was eating his breakfast of eggs, toast, and tea when he decided to tell his disciples that he was going to leave them soon. He said that he had to go to Heaven to get things ready for the people who died."

Through the last nine years 52 fifth-graders in Schuyler Van Vechten, Jr.'s Sunday-school classes have written eyewitness reports of incidents in the life of Jesus, and have "interviewed" everybody from Mary and the shepherds to Lazarus and Pontius Pilate to reconstruct the life of Christ in their own words. They and eight other boys and girls who got interested in the project are the authors of the news stories, editorials, letters, and advertisements in *The Bethlehem Star* (Walker and Company, \$4.95). Delightful!

Imagine yourself a sophisticated Greek or Roman living in Judea at the time of Jesus' ministry and Crucifixion. What would you make of a man who so persistently challenged logic?

Jesus himself appears only briefly in *Who Came by Night* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$5.95), yet it is he,

the unexplainable, to which all the characters in this highly readable novel must react. The story centers on Nicodemus, the Jewish ruler whose life was profoundly shaken by Jesus' teaching, and is a study of a man—a Pharisee—brought to the breaking point.

The author, who uses the pen name Nicholas Roland, is Arnold Robert Walmsley, recently out of the British diplomatic service and thoroughly familiar with the Middle East as a result of time he has spent there as British consul in Jerusalem and director for the Middle East Center for Arab Studies in Lebanon.

"In the church we cling to 'religion' instead of to Christian faith and life because 'religion' is a known quantity. 'Religion' is safe. 'Religion' is predictable. We know what will happen if we make commitments to 'religion.'"

"But Christian faith and life, personally embraced and institutionally expressed, are for most of us unknown quantities. Being unknown, they create dark clouds of fear in our minds and hearts. That is why it is so hard, even for God himself, to bring off substantive change in Christ's church . . ." Roger Huber, 25 years a Presbyterian minister, wrote *No Middle Ground* (Abingdon, \$2.95, paper) as a "field manual for that growing company of men and women whose faith commits them to the proposition that the church's determination to change, and change radically, is the primary index of its well-being." He challenges us to rethink our commitment.

When a woman is trying to decide whether or not to terminate a pregnancy, she is making the most complex and difficult decision she will ever have to make. Yet too many women have nobody they can talk to about it.

To help meet their need we now have an original paperback in which family-life authority David R. Mace guides the reader through a process that is closely akin to counseling. Considering the medical facts, and the religious and secular views on abortion, it helps her discover her own deepest feelings about the decision that only she can make.

Abortion: The Agonizing Decision (Abingdon, \$3.75, cloth; \$1.95, paper) doesn't take a position for or against abortion, and it doesn't try to lessen its grave moral and religious aspects. For the woman who for one reason or another has no access to adequate counseling it does provide a framework within which she can make her decision.

Hannah Arendt has a habit of looking right through the elaborate structures built by political posturing and seeing truths that are so obvious—once she's pointed them out—that we wonder how we could have missed them. Very disconcerting for the posturers, very enlightening for the rest of us.

It is this ability that makes her latest book, *Crises of the Republic* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95), stimulating reading. It deals with lying in politics, civil disobedience, violence, and revolution.

It's hard, now, to remember that as late as ten years ago most of us were blissfully ignorant of the damage we humans were doing to this planet. Then in 1962 a book appeared, and our innocence was destroyed forever. *Silent Spring* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95, cloth; Fawcett Crest, 95¢, paperback), in which the late Rachel Carson wrote of the dangers of pesticides, changed history.

The House of Life (Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95) is a literary biography of Miss Carson by Paul Brooks, who worked closely with her when he was editor-in-chief at Houghton Mifflin. It also includes generous samplings of her writings. If you haven't read her several books, this will make you want to read them.

Alfred Eisenstaedt, one of the world's great photojournalists, has a hobby—taking pictures of nature. *Witness to Nature* (Viking, \$16.95) is a grand collection of his landscapes and animal, bird, and flower pictures.

They were taken in many parts of the world, but Eisenstaedt has something to say to those who think that fine cameras and exotic subjects can make them better photographers: "Owning an expensive camera and a lot of lenses has never made a great photographer of anyone. You have to learn to really look at things in a new way, to see things as a photographer sees them."

His brief, nontechnical comments that run through the book give a lot of advice on how to develop such a photographer's eye.

—Helen Johnson

Fiction



BECAUSE of the dark mystery which Russia presents, anything coming from a Russian author has been regarded as important. I now have a book to talk about that I am sure can stand on its own feet. It is *FOREVER FLOWING* by Vasily Grossman (Harper & Row, \$6.95). The author died in 1964.

The book tells about a man who was a political prisoner for 30 years. When released, he does not go searching for someone to avenge himself on but tries to find a way to establish himself as a human being once more. He finds that his cousin who was always a plodder has become one of the top men in the Soviet scientific establishment. He has simply outlived the more able men. He meets the man who had betrayed him, and he finally falls in love with a lady who is gentle and understanding to all men including Ivan Grigoryevich.

But in addition to the plot which I have sketched very hastily, the author tries to speak of such things as the role of Lenin in history. He tries to speak about what has happened and what it means. There is reflected one who has been through so much suffering that most of us could not measure it. Yet, here is a sensitive human being, and the author takes times to discuss some of the issues as Ivan sees them. It is in some ways a strange kind of book, and I feel quite certain that not everyone will like it.

All I can say is that it is great as simple writing and remarkable for its keen understanding and interpretation of events under the communistic regime. It seemed to me a real book and what the late Vasily Grossman has left us is a realistic testament of faith. No matter what men and women have to endure, there is an inner center which nothing can reach or affect without their

consent. The most precious thing to value according to the hero of this story is freedom. That is true in Russia under communism and in America under capitalism.

Now for a change of pace I call your attention to *INTO YOUR TENT I'LL CREEP* by Peter DeVries (Little, Brown, \$6.95). Anything DeVries writes I want to read. Although this book is not one of his best, it has his unmistakable touch.

The man who tells this story is quite willing to allow his bride to become a liberated woman. He has an experience with the Rev. Shorty Hopwell, one of the new lights of the modern gospel, and through this and other experiences he comes to the conclusion that marriage is more than subjugation.

DeVries pokes holes through many modern theories, and even when he is most modern and playing the game to the hilt so far as new approaches are concerned, he is laughing at all the absurdities.

When Peter DeVries goes through these experiences of modern man searching for the new, the reader has a feeling that life is just one humorous thing after another. Yet through it all DeVries is aware of things that can't change or grow out-of-date. Satire with biting humor often brings the truth home to us in a way that solid criticism does not find us. Too often the stuffy moralist drives us away from his point. But the humor of satire catches us before we know what has happened and what we thought was escapism turns out to be truth and salvation.

Preachers tend to adopt the style of *Forever Flowing*. If they can bring more of *Into Your Tent I'll Creep* into their sermons, they would bring the gospel to life and vitality.

—GERALD H. KENNEDY
Retired Bishop, Los Angeles Area

Froggie said: 'Kids Is Not As Inventive These Days as We Was.'



Dear Editor:

I was over at Froggie Fentons last Sat. when we seen our youngins, Little Willie Clutter and Finis Fenton, sitting out on the front steps with their hands on their chins and gazing off into space and not doing nothing.

Froggie said: "Why dont you kids go sumwheres and play or look at the tv or sumthing?"

"We have seen all the summer tv reruns twict or 3 times already," said Little Willie.

"We are out of things to do and almost will be glad to see school start agin," said Finis.

Froggie snapt his fingers and looked at me. "Kids is not as inventive these days as we was, Hegbert," he said. "Do you know what we done all summer as kids?"

"Yes, we cud play all summer with a old automobile tire just rolling it around. You wood let me git doubled up inside one of them big around tires like they put on the cars in the 1920s and you wood roll me up and down the rode, then I wood roll you."

"Yes, the tire people have did our youth a great diservus by not making no more intratubes for sling shots and making the tires so small these days that a little old migit dwarf cudnt git in one and git rolled around like we did."

"Show us what you mean, Daddy," said Little Willie. "What about that big old tractor tire Mr. Fenton has hanging up in his tool shed on top of the hill?"

"Wonderful!" xclaimed Froggie. "Lets show our boys how to make their own fun, Hegbert!"

Well we went up to the tool shed and lifted the old tractor tire off a peg where it had been hanging for years and Froggie said:

"Hegbert, you try it first. I am afrade I am about twict as big around the middle as you are and am not as spry. See if you can git doubled up in this tire and if you can I will roll it over a few times and show our boys how to invent fun."

I am pretty limber for my age, Mr. Editor, if I do say so myself, and didnt have much truble gitting set up inside the tire. Ever thing was fine as Froggie rolled me over a few times and wood have stayed fine if Froggie hadnt lost control at the top of the hill.

Maybe you have herd that when you are going under for the 3rd time, or falling off a skyscraper, your whole life, especially your sins, flash before you. Well, I dont claim to be no saint but had no time to think about what few sins I have

comitted as that big tire started down hill with me inside it.

I herd Froggie shout hold on Hegbert, hold on for dear life, which any fool cud of seen I was trying the best I cud to do.

Now their is a dirt rode, or more like a path, leading from Froggie's tool shed, and the tire kept on that for a few feet before starting across country down the hill that looked like it was a mile steep.

Also coming up fast was a creek at the foot of the hill, but before that their was some big rocks that stick out 4 or 5 foot over a drop, and I was headed lickety split for all this with everything going around faster and faster.

The 1st thing I lost on my way down was my hat which I had kept on my head for comfort against the hard rubber rim of the tire. The next thing that went was my glasses. Then my car keys, 74 cents in change, my bill fold, plus a buckeye I carry for luck but hadnt did its job.

"Watch out for the creek, Hegbert," I herd Froggie shout, as if I cud do anything about it.

The tire come off the rocks, bounced about 5 foot in the air, went through the creek, climbed the muddy bank, and finally rolled over on me in a briar patch I didnt know was their but shure do know now.

When my head stopt going around, Froggie and the kids cum up with my hat, glasses and other things xcept only 17¢ of the change I lost and Little Willie said: "Daddy that looks like a lot of fun, reckon can I do it?"

"Don't you dare," I said, "one fool in the Clutter family is enuff. Your pappy is dizzy, wet, scratched up, half blind, and all ready soar in ever mussel."

"Well, at least we can be thankful no bones is broke," said Froggie,

whom I cud of hit over the hed.

So hear I am, Mr. Editur, so stove up I am bearily able to put pencil to paper. However my feelings is even worse hurt because of what happened in church to which I made my painful but loyal way as usual last Sun. a.m. only to have my preacher almost laff out loud at me from the pulpitt.

Well, 1st of all when I walked into church their was the usual welkum-ing committee which always shakes hands with everbody plus about 1/2 dozen others that arent usually their but was that morning just to look me over and maybe to snicker at me be-hind my back.

"It dont look like you will be able to be hed usher this morning, Hegbert," said Bo Benson whom is my subardenen but probly thinks he wood be a better hed usher than me. "Since you mite drop the collectshun plate in your conditshun, whom wood you like to delagate the duties of same?" So I delagated Froggie Fenton sense it was all his falt anyway.

This wasnt so bad, Mr. Editur, but then my preacher had to git up and do what he did.

Well, he says he wasnt poking fun at me out their in the congregashun all bandaged up but what wood you think if the news about you was all over the nayborhood and your pastor Bro. Harol Viktor of the Elsewhere UM Church got up saying his morn-ing text was found in Jeremiah 51:24:

"I will stretch out my hand against you, and roll you down from the crags . . ."

Of course when I ast Bro. Viktor if he was talking about me, he said: "Bro. Clutter we in the ministry never know where sum of our sermons cum from but are always thankful for small favors hear on earth."

Well I guess my feelings aint too bad hurt. It aint ever day a layman can inspire a sermon, however, woodnt want to try agin anytime in the fourseeable future.

Sinsereley, H. Clutter.

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Jottings

A simple philosophy of life, simply expressed, is a rarity these days (or so it seems to us). One has a life to live so why complicate things by going off on tangents into metaphysics?

Right or wrong, that's the way our thoughts turned when we met—by correspondence—the man in this month's *Open Pulpit* [page 42]. **William E. G. Bond** isn't a minister. He's a layman, the first to occupy the space devoted to our regular feature which began in 1964.

Making his simple philosophy of life even more impressive is the fact that Mr. Bond has been an aerospace engineer for 25 years, and has made contributions to every manned space flight, including those to and from the moon.

"I am a happily married family man," Mr. Bond tells us. "I don't like to be away from home on business. I hope to see my grandchildren grow and develop. Throughout my adult life I have tried to work the proper balance between my family, my job, and community service—primarily through the church.

"Unlike many engineers, I like 'people problems'—not just technical ones. This no doubt is why I've enjoyed management assignments.

"My only regret: I wish I had worked for an airline (or airlines). Too much of my career has been associated with development of military devices. However, I'm proud of my work on space programs.



"I enjoy life, and I enjoy living things. I enjoy working in my yard because I like to see plants and flowers grow. I enjoy golf to a large degree because of the environ-

ment in which it is played. I also enjoy the free feeling of light-airplane flying."

We're sure that Mr. Bond could have said much more about his philosophy—or his way of looking at life—and if he had said it, he would have said it simply and clearly. As a member of Santa Clarita (Calif.) United Methodist Church he has served in practically all possible capacities in the local church.

Shirley Motter Linde, whose by-line appears on *Suicide, Why?* [page 26], is a well-established writer in the field of popular medicine. Her first *Together* article appeared in our first issue, October, 1956. The problem discussed in that article—*Can Colds Be Cured?*—seems no closer to solution today than it was 16 years ago. After that article appeared, Mrs. Linde was a member of our staff for several months, leaving us prior to the birth of her first child.

Any writer who can transform the language of medical men into readable and understandable prose is in wide demand today. Also in wide demand is the doctor who can, first of all, make things clear to the medical writer. Such a man is Mrs. Linde's collaborator, **Dr. William H. Wehrmacher** of Chicago who has an imposing list of speeches and articles to his own credit, these largely on such subjects as hypertension and heart disease.

"Probably the things of most interest that would tie Mrs. Linde and

me together," he says, "is the fact that we were both on the board of directors of the American Medical Writers Association." Dr. Wehrmacher served as president of the Chicago chapter, and Mrs. Linde (who now lives in New York) was vice-president.

Among our contributors: **David C. King's** article on the perils of smoking [page 37] is backgrounded by two years of research he conducted while working part time for the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, the cancer research hospital mentioned in his article.

Almost from the first issue of *Together* back in October, 1956, **Bishop Gerald Kennedy** of the Los Angeles Area has been a regular contributor to our pages, submitting articles from time to time in addition to his monthly book reviews of current fiction. Although this issue marks the last of Bishop Kennedy's contributions to his long-standing *Fiction* column, we hope that from time to time his writings will continue to appear on the feature pages of *Together*.



appear on the feature pages of *Together*.

Bishop Kennedy is among 11 United Methodist bishops who left the active episcopacy last July. He has served the church in that capacity for 24 years, entering the episcopacy 6 years after becoming pastor of St. Paul Methodist Church, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Following is our tribute to Bishop Kennedy which was presented in the form of a scroll at a dinner in his honor last June 15:

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This scroll was presented "with gratitude and sincere appreciation" from The United Methodist Publishing House and the editorial staff of *Together*.

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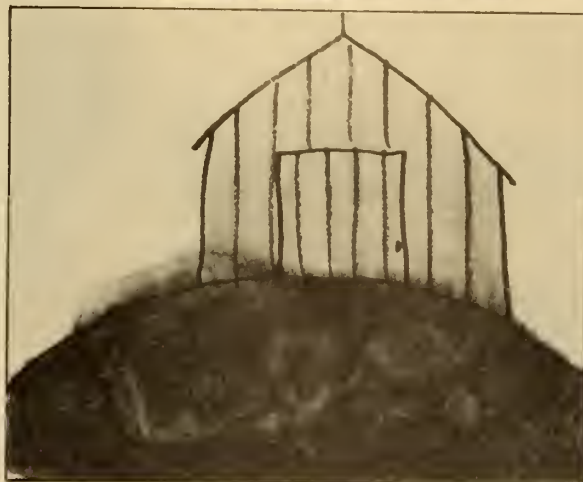
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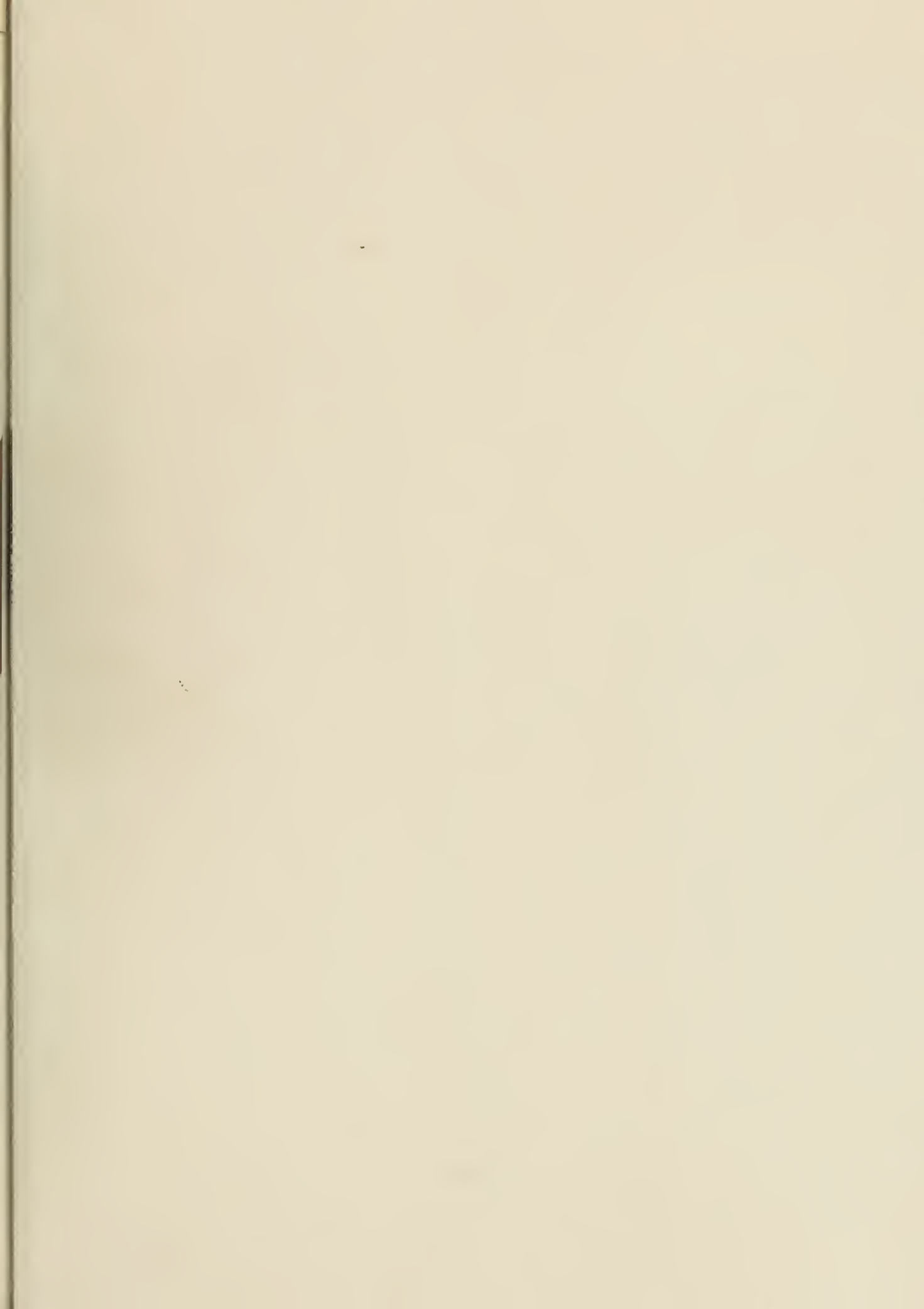
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